

Graphic

VOL. XXIX Los Angeles, Cal., June 6, 1908. No. 1



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JUN 27 1912

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson - VI

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

For a man who had "come from the people," as Mr. Johnson was fond of saying of himself, and whose heart was always with the poor, the downtrodden and the distressed, he was one of the neatest men in his dress and person I have ever known. In all of his three years in Nashville, in particular, he dressed in black broadcloth frock coat and vest and black doeskin trousers and wore a silk hat. This had been his way of attiring himself for thirty years, and for most of that time, whether as Governor of Tennessee, member of Congress or United States Senator, he had made all of his clothes. He was so scrupulous about his linen that he invariably changed all of it daily, and sometimes oftener.

He was matchlessly perfect in figure, about five feet ten, had handsome broad shoulders, fine forehead, superb face, dark bushy hair, and small hands and feet. The most marked feature about Johnson was his eyes, which were small, and although such eyes are not usually strikingly attractive, his were—they were black, sparkling, penetrating and absolutely beautiful.

He was not a gamester at anything, and could only play indifferently at checkers. He explained to me once, in 1862, that he had never visited a theater, because in his youthful days he had never seen one, and that always afterward he would rather study and

work or go to bed than spend his time at a playhouse. He looked on all kinds of gambling as wrong, never knew one card or one domino from another, and was never at a horse race. He had been to a few circuses and minstrel shows, and liked them. He used to say that he had "never had much time for frivolity." I never could persuade him to go to the theater either in Nashville or Washington. But I once took Caroline Richings and Sher. Campbell up to the White House and they sang for him and the family (Mrs. Johnson and his daughters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover). Miss Richings sang "Scenes that are Brightest" from "Maritana," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "The Old Folks at Home"; and dear old Sher. Campbell sang "The Heart Bowed Down," and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Upon another occasion I took up Parepa (before she was Parepa Rosa) and she sang, oh, so entrancingly, several songs. Mr. Johnson declared she was the prettiest fat woman he had ever seen. I once took Dan Rice, who was a War Democrat, a hater of the radicals of 1865-6-7, to see Mr. Johnson, and the latter shook both hands of the old American clown and thanked him for calling. Mr. Rice said, as I accompanied him out, that he should remember the event as the happiest of his life.

Johnson was never inaccessible. He was easily warmed toward his fellow-man. To be sure there were times when he enjoyed being alone, or with one person who was congenial; and at such times he was fond of reading, or having read one of four books, according to his mood. Shakespeare was his favorite, and Boswell's "Life of Johnson" always pleased him, and lightened his spirits. "Noctes Ambrosianae" was another book which he always had handy. The Bible he admired for its poetry, as he used to say, but he never believed it was the work of inspiration. He used to say, after reading the Bible a while: "I believe in a Supreme Cause, a Supreme Being, but not in the divinity of Christ." He did not believe in the immortality of the soul. And yet when he would hear something about the ingratitude of some one he had served or liked, or of some attack upon his loyalty, upon which he was always sensitive, he would lose control of himself and say: "If there isn't a hell there ought to be." I do not recollect that in all the five years I was more or less with him he ever attended church. He was disposed to treat the Catholic priests much better than the Protestant preachers in Nashville, and we turned the leading Protestant churches into hospitals and spared all the Catholic places of wor-

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Matters of Moment

The Pendulum of Finance.

Bank clearings provide the simplest and surest evidence of the amount of business that the country is doing, and therefore the clearest indication of depression or prosperity. That the pendulum is slowly swinging back to record the restoration of industrial activity and financial security will have been observed by any one who has taken the trouble to study Bradstreet's weekly reports of bank clearings. In the week ending May 28, an aggregate of \$2,461,319,000 is shown, against \$2,158,142,000 in the corresponding week last year. New York shows an increase of 20.2 per cent, and Boston 23.7, while similar symptoms of healthy recovery are to be noted in the principal cities of the Middle West. The West will be the last to realize the recovery, as it was the last to suffer from the depression. Los Angeles is steadily reducing the record of decrease, and last week the percentage of decrease was only 5.5, the total bank clearings amounting to \$8,728,000.

The results of economy and retrenchment are becoming visible, and with the return of general confidence the normal advance of business in California cannot be checked.

War on the Billboards.

The civic section of the Los Angeles Ebell Club has taken up the war against billboards with energy. At the anti-billboard meeting held last week at the Ebell Club, it was made evident that the women of Los Angeles can turn themselves into a great force in this commendable crusade if they choose. A resolution was adopted to petition the City Council to raise the present tax of one-quarter of a cent per square foot per quarter to one cent—a fourfold and yet reasonable and justifiable increase. Let the ladies carry the war before the Board of Supervisors and demand that some measure be passed to diminish the enterprise of those advertisers who, if they could, would blot Mt. Lowe from the landscape and fence in the ocean. The hideous signs that are rapidly despoiling the beauties of every well traveled road in Southern California are even more objection-

able than the billboards which barricade empty lots on the city's streets.

The billboard fiend is receiving due attention all over the country, and his days are numbered as soon as the people arouse themselves to the menace. In a recent letter Richard Watson Gilder, editor of "The Century," writes from New York:

As I went yesterday to my office in this city I passed one of the most beautiful of modern buildings, a savings bank built recently of white marble, in the classical style. It is a pleasure to look upon this noble and restful structure. And it is a pain and an anger to have to take in, at the same glance, an enormous liquor sign, high in the air beyond and above it. What is the use of building exquisite structures if any tasteless and remorseless trader can come along with his glaring, dominating appeals for your money and utterly spoil the effect? It is as if at a symphony concert vendors of soap should be allowed to go up and down the aisles and bawl their wares.

A similar experience accompanied my railroad trip on the same day over one of the lines between New York and Philadelphia—where now and again a loud array of advertising signs spoiled the effect of the rich, otherwise harmonious landscape.

One of these days the people of a commercial community will appreciate the fact that, to put it commercially, beauty is a valuable asset, as well "as a joy forever;" and then the advertising fiend will not be allowed to go up and down the land destroying views, which means destroying values—values that belong to the entire population, and that no individual has the right to ruin.

It may be that it will be a long and strenuous fight to tax the billboard nuisance out of existence. Advertisers are deceived by the size of the display. It occupies so much more "space" than they can secure in the newspapers, but if they find the results from outdoor advertising unsatisfactory, they will soon abandon it. Let the Civic Association attack the nuisance with a double flank movement, by not only agitating for increased, and, if possible, prohibitive taxation of billboards, but let its members refuse to patronize any firm that adopts this obnoxious method of publicity, and let them make their reasons known to the firms concerned.

The Currency and Politics.

The last days of the first session of the Sixtieth Congress afforded a remarkable object lesson to those who cared to study them. Our distinguished legislators may find some consolation in reflecting that the people long ago had grown so weary of discussing the Aldrich bill and other "emergency" currency measures that public attention was only attracted to the spectacle of Senators La Follette, Stone and Gore in their breathless attempt to talk the Aldrich-Vreeland compromise currency bill to death. That they did not succeed in this attempt is regretted by those who realize that the "emergency" bill, agreed on by the conference committee and finally passed in the closing hour of the session, is a snare and delusion.

The "emergency" that the Republican leaders were determined to provide against was political rather than financial. Senator Aldrich who has "bossed" the senate for many years refused to relinquish the whip and the reins without a struggle to the death. That was the boss's personal political "emergency." Other Republican leaders were afraid to face their constituents with a confession that so large a portion of the session had been exhausted in discussion of currency reform without any definite result. And so the compromise measure was driven through at the eleventh hour under most extraordinary pressure, which was aggravated by the abnormally hot weather prevailing in Washington at the time.

It appears that the radical evil of the Aldrich bill remains in the compromise bill, although it has been somewhat pruned. The heresy of a bond secured currency is to be perpetuated, and bankers tell us that such provisions for relief as the bill proposes will be futile, indeed absurd, in times of crisis. It is impossible to see how any banker will find relief in taking \$100,000 in cash and buying municipal bonds to deposit as the basis of \$90,000 in currency, upon which he must pay a minimum tax of 6 per cent a month, but of which he can only lend \$72,000 at the current rate of interest.

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One of the most significant features of the compromise bill is its insistence upon the prosecution of any bankers who, in case of emergency, resort to the expedient of issuing clearing-house certificates which proved so beneficial during the recent bank panic. Hence the "remedial" legislation prohibits the remedy which has been tried and found effective.

Even on the grounds of political "emergency," the Republican leaders seem to have made a mighty poor job of it. Before the next five months have passed they will realize that their attempt to do politics with a currency measure has given the enemy the strongest kind of ammunition. Mr. Bryan probably could desire no better instrument of attack than this fake "faith cure" for which Republican orators, if ever they come to understand it themselves, will have to offer perpetual apologies.

Liberia a Real Test.

When all of the circumstances which led to the establishment of the negro republic of Liberia are taken into account, it is indeed curious that not a single American periodical has yet undertaken a study of the present condition and future prospects of that country. For approximately ninety years, the capability of the negro for self improvement and self-government has been in the crucible. With a population of about ten million negroes, the United States has much to learn about the ability of these people. No better field for inquiry exists than in Liberia. Yet Liberia is about as unknown a land as the region about the north pole. If anything has been published about conditions in the negro republic in the last twenty years a fairly wide range of reading has failed to disclose it.

These reflections are due to the following telegram which came over the wires this week:

The commissioners from the Liberian government, who came to this country about the middle of the month and remained in New York for several days, are now in Washington, where they will make an effort to see Secretary of State Elihu Root, and, if possible, President Roosevelt, as well. The commissioners, while admitting they are here on matters of importance to their country, refuse to state just what their mission is until after they have seen the authorities at the capitol. It is learned, however, from advices from Monrovia, the capital of the Liberian republic, that the commission is on a diplomatic errand, the success of which will have far reaching results as to the future welfare of the struggling and poverty-stricken government. Incidentally, if the diplomatic efforts are successful, they will endeavor to float a loan in the United States of from \$3,000,000 to \$7,000,000 with which to liquidate an outstanding indebtedness to England, or at least to English interests, amounting to about \$1,000,000, the remainder to be used for internal improvements and development of the country. One of the objects the visiting commission has in view is to obtain from the United States government some sort of protection from other foreign powers.

Reading between the lines it is apparent that all is not happy in Liberia. Perhaps investigators into the efficacy of negro government can get some information from the few white Americans who have engaged in missionary work in the republic; but their views would be, perhaps, somewhat colored by religious hopes.

Here is a big field for exploration by the "Century" or "Colliers" or the "Saturday Evening Post," or some such publication.

A Question of Taste.

Not infrequently this week the "Graphic" has heard favorable and unfavorable discussions as to whether Secretary Taft, in his address at General Grant's tomb in New York, should have made reference to one chapter in General Grant's history, now almost forgotten. In the course of his remarks, Secretary Taft said:

The character of Grant, as developed by the war, and as necessary to the result, was as remarkable in its way, considering its previous history, as was that of Lincoln. It is true that Grant received an education at West Point, but certainly nothing was developed there in him to indicate his fitness and ability to meet great responsibilities. He did well in the Mexican war, as did other lieutenants. He manifested as regimental quartermaster energy and familiarity with his duties. But in 1854 he resigned from the army because he had to. He had yielded to the weakness of a taste for strong drink, and rather than be court-martialed, he left the army. He returned from Vancouver, on the Pacific Coast, to his family at St. Louis, without money, without property—a disheartened man.

General Grant has been dead for twenty-three years. It is not within the power of any man to add to or detract from the services which he rendered this nation. After Washington and Lee he is probably the ablest soldier produced on this side of the Atlantic. Those who doubt the wisdom of the allusion to Grant's failing of fifty years ago, lose sight of the chief lesson which this phase of General Grant's life teaches.

It is this: that there is hope for the man who has fallen by the wayside through over-indulgence in drink. None of these can be Grant's, no doubt, but all of them—all who really wish—can overcome the temptation and lead useful and manly lives, each according to his ability. Ten years is not a long space of time, but in ten years Grant was metamorphosed by his power of will and his inborn abilities, from a lieutenant leaving the army under a cloud, to Lieutenant-General and commander of the army of the United States. There are several lessons to be drawn from Grant's life, the lessons of patience, tenacity, unflagging attention to profession; and finally the lesson of forbearance for the defeated. But the principal lesson of Grant's life is found in the victory over self, which this chapter of his career indelibly illustrates.

A Lesson From Kentucky.

That the soil is the master of us all is the more difficult a truth to realize the farther we get away from the land. The children and the servants of the city easily come to believe that little of importance lies beyond its limits. They are quite sure that the essential factors of life and of the world's business must be centered in cities, and they are utterly oblivious of the truth that but for the products of the land there would be no cities and no provision for their inhabitants. They are confident that the vital workers in the world's work are city men and they are prone to regard the tillers of the soil with perhaps unconscious but nevertheless strong conviction that country-folk must be inferior beings. Occasionally, some prophet or philosopher comes along with the gospel "Back to the soil," but the city-bred smile with superior confidence and self-satisfaction. Even the term "farmer" has become one of contempt. Indeed, the man on the street if he wishes to express his estimate of a man's inferior intelligence

or ability will call him "a farmer." But, perhaps, the man of the fields has the last and the best laugh at the man of the streets. The man who lives in the fields and close to Nature will reap more sure reward from the Universal Mistress than the man whose business drives him as far away from Nature as possible, whose vision is blocked by skyscrapers and whose days are spent in offices.

Even the great contests of life are not always waged in the city. The man who wrestles with the elements has a nobler task and a greater victory than he who is striving in the market place. There must be far more health and tangible satisfaction in raising a hundred acres of wheat than in gambling over the product. Nevertheless the great prizes of the world are measured in dollars, and fortunes are built in the city. With such a magnet "the lure of the land" does not compare.

But even in this day and generation, the most commercial of all the ages, when the pessimist tells us we are all "working for Wall street," or are "slaves of the trusts," a healthy reminder is to be found that, though the city is supposed to rule the country, the land can assert its supremacy when it will. There is, for instance, a mighty struggle in progress in Kentucky, of which most of us have heard little and know less. Strange it seems that when the wisest men, economists and statesmen, have been battling unsuccessfully with the problem of the trusts, the simple farmers of Kentucky are on the road to win their battle with one of the wealthiest and most powerful combinations of capital in the world.

The history of the American Tobacco Company—commonly known as "The Trust"—is much the same in its essential features as that of the Standard Oil Company. The Tobacco Trust was the successful dream of the Duke family, once humble tobacco growers themselves, who in less than a single generation succeeded in obtaining control of the industry, and a practical monopoly of the manufacture. One after another of the once famous merchants and manufacturers succumbed to the American Tobacco Company, until its command of the crop and its control of manufacture became undisputed.

Kentucky produces 37 per cent. of the world's output of tobacco, and from 90 to 95 per cent. of the total American export. Buyers representing the American Tobacco Company soon monopolized the Kentucky market; they were appointed to every precinct in which tobacco was grown; there was no one else to sell to. The grower who in former days took his crop to St. Louis or Cincinnati and sold to the highest bidder must take what he was offered by the trust or leave it alone. In the old days he might go to St. Louis and receive as fair a price as 21 cents a pound for his tobacco. Under the trust's monopoly the precinct buyer might offer him 6½ cents a pound. If he refused it, the same and only buyer would come along later and offer him 5 cents. If he still refused, his tobacco would rot in his barn. Absolutely at the mercy of the trust's local buyer, the farmer who had been offered the miserably unfair price might know that a more favored neighbor, whose daughter perhaps was being courted by the buyer, was receiving 10 or 11 cents a pound. The "old man" might accept his fate with pa-

tience, and plan a peaceful campaign of passive resistance, but to his hot-blooded sons might come the idea of active rebellion. Inspired by a few drinks of whisky, the suggestion is made that they "do up" the precinct buyer. They lay for him, and trounce him. Such incidents have been frequent in Kentucky, and account for the weird and often exaggerated "night-rider" tales, so industriously sent out over the wires from one end of the country to the other by the press agents of the American Tobacco Company.

But it is not by such methods that the farmers of Kentucky are making and winning their fight against the trust. They

have simply and positively refused to grow any more tobacco until the American Tobacco Company confesses itself beaten, and the farmers may once more get a fair price for their product. The Kentucky farmer fortunately is in a position from which eventually he may be able to turn the tables, and in a measure dictate to the trust. He does not have to depend on tobacco for a crop. Tobacco so exhausts the soil that it is bad farming to raise more than one crop in seven years on the same land. Moreover, the utmost tobacco crop that one man can tend to properly is four acres. Until the American Tobacco Company comes to terms the Kentucky farmer will grow no more tobacco than what he may need for his own con-

sumption. And the trust will be forced to terms. It has enormous contracts with most of the European governments, and it will be held to fill these contracts at the peril of ruinous loss. The American Tobacco Company cannot possibly fill its contracts unless the Kentucky farmers grow tobacco.

The progress and result of this battle, while involving the simplest of lessons, will be an important and instructive event in this country's economic history. A trust of poor producers is making itself superior to a trust of capitalists because the producers choose to assert their power. Nature, after all, is the one invincible mistress. The men in the streets have yet many things to learn from the men in the fields.

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

ship.

I now call to mind an episode that connects me very intimately with President Johnson, and that is otherwise replete with interest. A few months after the breaking out of the Civil war there was imposed upon all the States, according to their population, or property valuation, what was known as a "Direct Tax," and three commissioners for each State were appointed by President Lincoln. Now, it had been impossible to collect that tax from the seceded States while in rebellion, and so an attempt was made (and successfully) after things had become partially settled a few months following the cessation of hostilities to collect the "Direct Tax" imposed in 1861. But the commissioners appointed to carry on the work in Florida and South Carolina were two sets of as precious Pecksniffian robbers as our country has ever known, and their plundering methods gave President Johnson, Secretary McCullough, and Mr. Rollins, Collector of Internal Revenue, a great deal of uneasiness and trouble. Other commissioners and treasury agents had been sent on two occasions to investigate the doings of the regular collectors of the tax in each State and had either been fooled or scared or otherwise tampered with. I had only been back three weeks from my seven months tour of the South, examining particularly into all its conditions, when Mr. Johnson said to me one morning: "Truman, I know you would rather be here in Washington than further south, but I have in view another important trip, and I want you to do me the favor to start as soon as possible. The fact is we have been having a hard time with the direct tax commissioners of Florida and South Carolina, and a harder time in bringing them to a sense of their base actions. They have managed to fool or scare all the agents who have been sent by the Treasury Department to correct the abuses. Now I have said to Secretary McCullough that I had a young man I would loan him, who could neither be cajoled, bought nor scared, and I want you to go over to the Treasury building with me, and I will introduce you to the Secretary."

In a few minutes we were in the presence of Mr. McCullough, and the President said: "This is the young man I spoke to you about, Mr. Secretary, and I will leave him with you for further instructions."

Mr. Johnson returned to the White House,

and Mr. McCullough in a few words repeated about what the President had said to me, and told me that he would fix up my papers at once. He then sent for Mr. Rollins, and introduced us, saying that I had long been with the President in trustworthy positions, and was competent to fulfill the duty required of me. The next day I was handed by Mr. Rollins the following letter of authority, and also a commission as special treasury agent for sixty days, in order to conform to the law governing such duties:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., April 25, 1866.

These Presents Witness:

That Benjamin C. Truman of the City of Nashville, State of Tennessee, is duly appointed a Special Agent for the Treasury Department, to travel under the direction and instruction of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue; and that he is authorized to execute and perform all the duties of said office for the period of sixty (60) days from the date of his oath of office; and that he is entitled to take and receive a salary of Five Dollars (\$5.00) per day, together with the just and reasonable expenses incurred by him in the execution of his said office.

(Signed)

H. McCULLOUGH,
Secretary of the Treasury.

E. A. ROLLINS,
Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Internal Revenue,
Washington, April 25, 1865.

Gentlemen:

This letter will be presented to you by Benjamin C. Truman, Esq., who, designated by the President, is authorised by this office to examine the files and records of the Tax Commissioners for the State of South Carolina, to investigate all the proceedings of said Commissioners, or any of them, official and also unofficial, so far as any unofficial acts of theirs may affect their official acts, or the interests or character of the government.

The present Commissioners and all persons having any official connection with the commission, are expected to render him every practicable facility in the discharge of his duty.

Respectfully yours,

E. A. ROLLINS,
Commissioner.

To the Tax Commissioners of the State of South Carolina.

T. H. T.

I also received a similar letter addressed to the Direct Tax Commissioners of Florida. I left Washington the same evening for New York, from which city I took passage on the steamer Saragossa for Charleston the following day.

The South Carolina Commissioners had offices in Beaufort and Charleston, and in two weeks I had gone through the books of sales (with an expert I had employed), and found that the commissioners had sold large lots of valuable property for small amounts to their friends, and that much of the money received had not been made items

of record. I suspended operations, reported to Mr. Rollins, and had the books taken and locked up; and in due time the three carpet-baggers were removed and other appointments made.

The offices in Florida were in St. Augustine and Fernandina. I soon discovered that the three South Carolina Commissioners were honest gentlemen compared to the three psalm-singing carpet-baggers of Florida, who had robbed many poor people of everything they had, which was only land and what it produced, as their money and slaves had all vanished. I found that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (and I was one of her devotees because she had written "Uncle Tom's Cabin") had secured a splendid orange grove for a few hundred dollars, valued at several thousand, and that generally the lands had gone into the possession of the families and close friends of the commissioners. There were Federal officers stationed in these places, and all gave me points and assisted me in my investigations. I stayed a month in these two Florida towns, and in the end suspended the commissioners, reported to Mr. Rollins that they were a pack of thieves and presented a detailed account of their operations to prove my accusation. These three commissioners attempted to retain their books, and I was compelled to get Colonel Barlow, who commanded the fort on Amelia Island, and who was the ranking officer, to demand them at the point of the sword, as the instructions in Rollins's letter would vindicate us in our action. The commissioners assailed me in the Boston and New York church and some other papers, but the Treasury Department approved fully of all my work, turned out the commissioners, put in honest men, and righted many wrongs.

The principal accusations made by the Florida commissioners against me were that I associated altogether with ex-Confederates, and was given dinners and excursions by rebel women, and the like; when, as a matter of fact, I slept every night when at Fernandina at Fort Marion, as the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Barlow, took all my breakfasts with them, and only dined away from the fort but twice, and as there was no hotel there at the time, I either went without lunch or lunched with Captain Boyd of the Freedmen's Bureau.

At any rate, after all was over, Secretary McCullough (as Rollins had before him) thanked me personally for what he termed my valuable work, and added: "I guess there's no doubt but what old Andy knew his man."

The Building of Summer Castles

Sitting after dinner, smoking our cigar,
We think of what we might have been,
We think of what we are;

We think of many chances lost,
Of more that offer fair:

We smoke our big cheroots and build
Our castles in the air.

We mean summer castles, of course; and, unlike those we have often built in Spain, our summer castles almost always materialize. Many of us have built castles during the early days of June in the far-famed Yosemite Valley and gazed from the roof-gardens of those fairy castles in that wonderful gorge upon the Half Dome, that impressive and massive creation of granite, with no rival in the world; upon El Capitan, that seems sometimes like a big lion in stone; and which, could it be tilted over by some element, would cover 160 acres; and upon the Yosemite, Nevada, Vernal and Bridal Veil Falls, and watched the rainbows at the foot of the latter two precipitations chase each other in hundreds of directions; and we have built our summer castles in the Mariposa Big Tree Grove and amongst the sylvan surroundings of Wawona and along the South Fork of the Merced River. And we have built our castles among the beautiful conifers on Mounts Lowe and Wilson and at Idyllwild; and a good many of our Southern Californians have had their summer castles at Coronado, one of the most lovely seaside places in the world; or at Del Monte, whose surpassing loveliness has been rapturously told throughout every land; or perhaps an occasional castle has been mirrored in the pellucid waters of imperial Tahoe, the stateliest lake on earth. Who knows?

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lish, where are we going during the next three or four months? Surely, somewhere. No one stays at home all summer. Not on your Merry Widow. Some of us are going to spend a month or two in the east, and already a number of our best-known families are on their way to Europe, and more are going.

As is usual, scores of people have already gone to the Yosemite Valley, as those even who have never been there are aware of the fact that its magnificent waterfalls are at their very sublimest in June, or, say, from the middle of May to the middle of July. The "Graphic" would say, once for all, to every Californian who has never visited this incomparable spot, don't put off your pilgrimage any longer. Let it be your duty to behold this masterpiece of the Omnipotent architect; and during the same trip visit the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, and, as General Grant did, uncover in the presence of those monarchs of all taxodiums, that were born before the daintiest of all babes was found in the Bethlehem manger; and spend a day or two at Wawona, one of the most blissful, peaceful and irresistibly-invigorating spots under any skies, where the very waters that are drunk come in silvery cataracts from everlasting snow-embroidered springs, and are alone worth going hundreds of miles to quaff.

The second next place to the Yosemite Valley—and which no Californian should fail to visit—is Lake Tahoe; which for loveliness, magnificence of mountain effect and translucence of waters, has no counterpart; not in the Alps, or the Pyrennees, not in the Cascades or Rockies, is there a body of water to compare with Tahoe. The lake is rising six thousand feet above the sea, although tidewater is much less than three hundred miles away. Its waters are so transparent that one may look down in many places more than a hundred feet; and they possess a beauty and diversity of color to be seen in no other inland sea. All around are rock-ribbed and snow-capped monarchs rising majestically from three to five thousand feet above the lake. Tallac is the most noted, partly on account of its beauty and height and partly because it may be easily ascended. And from the summit of this noble earth giant may be seen fourteen lakes, the most noted being, besides Tahoe, Fallen Leaf, 6321 feet above the sea; Cascade, 6532; Grass Lake, 7681, and Gillmore, 8338.

There are many hotels on the lake, notably the Glenbrook, Brockway, Kinney's, Tallac and Tahoe Tavern. The latter is much the largest, most fashionable and in all respects the best of all, and draws largely from San Francisco and Southern California, over seven hundred people from Los Angeles having visited the Tavern in 1906, and nearly eight hundred in 1907. Mrs. Alice Richardson, of the Glenwood, Riverside, is the manager, and she imparts to the Tavern a com-

bination of comforts, delights, splendid fare and fine treatment that cannot be found in many summer castles. The Tavern was opened on the 15th of May and will be kept open until the 15th of October. In addition to the Tavern is the new Casino, which is by all odds the most unique, the most charming and the most utilitarian in Europe or America. Neither the Casino at Newport or Tuxedo can at all compare with it. Its ball room and tea room, its card room and lounging room, its billiard hall and bowling alleys, its furnishing and lighting, its walls and ceilings, are simply enrapturing; and this masterpiece actually hangs over the great lake like a big basket of flowers.

It is hardly necessary to do more than briefly mention the Hotel del Monte—so appropriately called the "Queen of American Watering Places"—and undoubtedly the most lovely and satisfying seaside resort known. For more than a quarter of a century Del Monte has stood at the head, when its fairy grounds, magnificent equipment and wonderfully fine table is considered. Its present manager, H. R. Warner, is the magician of modern Bonifaces, and prides himself on taking good care of more bridal couples annually than any other hotel manager in America—for Del Monte is the very Mecca of thousands on honeymoon pilgrimages. Monterey, a mile away, is the most interesting old city on the Pacific coast, and is at present the biggest army post next to San Francisco. The officers and their ladies attend all the Saturday night hops, and make things very gay.

Much nearer, and reached in a few hours by the Southern Pacific, is the Potter Hotel, at Santa Barbara; the town, itself, a mosaic set in sapphire waters and Arcadian slopes and overlooked by majestic earth giants whose venerable age only recording angels can tell. The Potter is first-class in every



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respect, and makes summer rates within reach of all. Here one may look out on a sea as gleaming as the Mediterranean, and enjoy all the charms of sky and air that are vouchsafed at Capri and Naples, with the dread of volcanic disturbance eliminated from the itinerary.

Off in another direction, where sky and sea meet and exchange compliments, is the famous Coronado Hotel, reached in five or six hours by the Santa Fe, and managed by Morgan Ross, who for many years as manager of the old Ebbitt at Washington, set a table that was praised by all Epicures. Here are also presented summer rates that are acceptable to all first-class people who have not yet reached the aristocratic stage of high life whose acme is divorce, automobiles and appendicitis. Here is a climate that is just a little better than any other, even in lovely Southern California—so say Ben Truman, Joe Lynch, Charlie Nordhoff, and some others—where insomnia and nervous prostration are knocked into smithereens, and where feminine worry is made to go way back and sit down—and stay down, according to all accounts. The temperature at the Coronado is noted for its equability, seldom varying twenty degrees, the general climatic conditions being suggestive of that delightful interlude between fall and winter in the east known as Indian summer.

And don't forget Idyllwild, among the pines of Riverside County, where there is so much that is conducive to health and animation of spirit, and where more real rest can be obtained in a week or two than in

months elsewhere. Write to Walter Watkins the manager, and tell him you are coming where the very air is an embrocation and every plant an anodyne.

Ichthyologically speaking, the Santa Catalina season has commenced, and at least a dozen leviathan bass have already been taken, the largest of which, weighing nearly five hundred pounds, having been landed by Fred Walton. There have also been runs of smaller fish, several hundred weight of rock cod, barracuda, ocean trout and black bass having been caught since Sunday last. Santa Catalina is one of the most inviting island resorts in the world, and is easily reached daily by the fine, swift, safe boats of the Banning Transportation Company, and the Southern Pacific, Salt Lake and electric railroads. There is a great quality of acceptable atmosphere about Catalina—always an oxygenic air and tone that is health-giving and bracing, superb fishing at all times, excellent boating, bathing and driving, music and dancing and other concomitants of hygeia and joy.

All signs point to a tremendous season at Long Beach, and city people, as well as country cousins, will congregate there during the coming summer on account of the inducements offered by the Hotel Virginia, the new first-class caravansary now in running order and managed by one of the best hotel men on the Pacific coast. As a matter of fact the Virginia is one of the most elegant seaside resorts in the world, and as everything about it is new and substantial, strictly modern and up-to-date, it will draw

largely from those thousands of Los Angeles and Pasadena people who cannot leave their business to go extended distances and who have been long waiting for a hotel like Del Monte or Coronado in their immediate midst. Long Beach is reached rapidly by the Southern Pacific, Salt Lake and electric roads, the latter running trains every twenty minutes each way.

Redondo is in the swim this season with many attractions, conspicuously its new casino and pavilion, which are as fine as anything on the Pacific coast. There are several places at Redondo where excellent fish dinners are served, and other places of refreshment. There will be concerts every afternoon and evening at the pavilion and dancing every week day afternoon and evening. Redondo is one of the best fishing places on the coast, and is easily and rapidly reached by the Santa Fe and two electric roads. San Pedro is an interesting city to visit, and has several good cafes and restaurants, and is reached by steam and electric roads. Playa del Rey, Venice and Ocean Park are well supplied with good eating-houses and opportunities for boating and bathing. The same may be said of Santa Monica, Alamitos Bay, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa, all of which are reached by electric cars.

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Govenor Pico Museum and House

By MRS. H. W. R. STRONG

(Mrs. Strong is leading a movement for the preservation of the old Governor Pico homestead and the establishment of a museum.—Ed Graphic.)

We may draw our own conclusions as to the value of landmarks of the past to a country, a State or a neighborhood. The past has had its stone age, its iron and bronze, its golden age. This can with truth be classed as the "Tourist age." Easy transportation sends a mighty stream of travel where there is the most to see. The Pico Society is confronted even yet by the staggering question, "Is it worth while to preserve the one old landmark, the Pico mansion?" Also, "Can it be preserved?" I would like to draw your attention to the facts in connection with these questions, long ago answered. The Pico organization did not have the privilege of even considering them. That it was desirable was made plain when the first steps were taken in this line, and a sum of \$87 was raised and placed in the bank, awaiting active workers. Next, in the summer of 1906, a definite move was made. Delegates from four organizations met for serious consideration of the matter, a committee was appointed to confer with the Landmarks Club as to the conditions of the building, and necessary work. Mr. Lummis arranged for the architect of the Landmarks Club, Mr. Benton, and Mr. Hogan of Los Angeles, an expert in restoration work, to come out and make examination. It was done, and they both reported that the building could be saved at moderate cost. Mrs. Buffington's report to the above committee was in line with what I have said. Also Mr. Lummis promised the assistance of the Landmarks Club architect, and \$100 in money (which was increased to \$250 when paid). The first report was satisfactory to the committee of inquiry, and it was determined to organize, and the Pico Society came into being.

"Is it worth while, and can it be done?" were the questions answered by the highest authority in our state, and on this foundation the Pico society was built, and was placed under orders to do the work. Architect Benton has been out many times, and the contractors several times. Two questions are yet to be answered, "What has been done, and what is there still to be done?" In the first place, January of last year the work of preservation began. The old building has been preserved, and saved from the ravages of winter rains, and before us is the work of restoration. In detail, first we placed about 200 feet of cement foundation on the outside. The fine old tree was dying. I had it cleaned out and filled with cement. The tree is out in full leaf, and a beautiful sight. Prof. Charles F. Holder sent a leaf to Washington to ascertain the variety. It is pronounced an ash, probably "fraxinus berlandieriana."

The building has been cleaned, the rubbish carted away, portions of the roof have new shingles.

The contractor who nailed up the doors and windows and mended the roofs says that he can jack up the inner walls and repair the foundations so that the building will stand a hundred years. We have a lease for fifty

years.

We were incorporated last year, and have a beautiful great seal, with a flag and date, 1846, when the Stars and Stripes were raised over the state. We have some valuable photographs, taken in its dilapidation, and when the restoration is completed they will speak for the good work accomplished. We have spent about \$250, and there is in the treasury something over \$290. The Woman's Club was the first to aid in getting a lecture by Mr. Lummis. We have had a lecture by Miss Trotter on "Rome," at the East Whittier Club House. The "Crossroads Skule" entertainment gave us from the returns of their second performance. The Board of Trade voted us a sum which has not all been paid in. We have forty-five charter members, and as an organization, membership is one source of revenue. The press has given us kindly notices from time to time.

These are the things done. What is before us? To repair the roof and inner walls, restore doors and windows, restore the old well curb, replant the black fig tree in the court, fix the bank of the river so as to prevent further crumbling (we hope our new council will attend to this), and as soon as the building is restored we expect to be permitted the beautifying and care of the grounds, so that the old mansion may again be seen the central figure in an attractive park. We have about \$300; we require \$1000 in the treasury to begin the work of restoration.

Don Pio was a native son, and I have cherished a hope that the Southern California Parlors would take an interest in this work and lead the state organization to do the same. This building belongs to the state as an object to preserve and restore. Don Pio Pico was twice governor while he lived here. This San Gabriel Valley is noted in that it has given three governors to the State—Pio Pico, Governor Downey and Governor Gage. Let us combine interests and unite efforts and enter upon and complete this work. Mr. Lummis in sending the check from the Landmarks Club, said: "This money comes from people all over the world. You may fairly consider that in this \$250 every state on earth in which the English language is spoken has contributed something—and all because all over the world there are people who realize the dignity and beauty of our California landmarks, and are willing unselfishly to help us preserve them. I think you will be wise to push work as fast as possible, that you may have an actual achievement to show for the season's endeavor."

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By the Way

Should Be Re-Named.

The Civil Service Commission needs a new name. It should be called the "Patronage" Commission. In violation of the spirit of civil service reform it has removed Dr. Gerson from the position of examiner, and has appointed Dr. Roy Loomis and Dr. Albert Moore to perform the work. This change dictated apparently by powers outside of the Civil Service Commission was made for no reasonable cause. It was just a piece of politics of the sort that the Civil Service Commission was organized to eliminate from the city government. To say that the commission has put itself in a bad light by violating the vital principle for which it was created, is putting it mildly. Only one commissioner, Dr. John R. Haynes, resisted the change; and he was actuated entirely as a matter of principle and not through any objections to either Dr. Loomis or Dr. Moore.

Capable.

Dr. Gerson had acted as examiner for the Commission since the board was formed. He is a thoroughly capable man, and not one word has been uttered or could be uttered against him. When he was examined by the State Board of Medical Examiners for his license to practice in this state, he passed the highest examination among the sixty applicants who went before the state board at the same time. He was faithful and competent in the discharge of his duties

for the Civil Service Commission, and he had the moral stamina to resist all sorts of pulls to influence him in his duty of passing on the physical condition of applicants for positions. He made some enemies by his sturdy adherence to this policy—but the sort of enemies that a man true to the ideals of his profession can afford to make.

Loomis and Moore.

I have the pleasure of knowing Dr. Roy Loomis and Dr. Albert Moore who succeed to the duties of the examiner. Both are good men; and not one word that is here written is to be construed as reflecting on them in any manner. The blame for this change rests with the Civil Service Board. It has fearfully stultified itself by this course.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Delighted.

I am delighted to learn from former Senator Clark via the "Examiner" that business is good and confidence is restored. I would be more delighted to know what Senator Clark thinks of "Clark Copper," and the connection of J. Ross Clark therewith.

Figures.

I have read with as much care as possible the "Times" account of the report of City Auditor Mushet on school finances. In the maze of argument and assertion, one fact stands out prominently and indelibly; that is that this discussion was precipitated by Harrison Gray Otis and the "Times" for the express purpose of driving Dr. E. C. Moore, the School Superintendent, out of Los Angeles. Not being a financier, I am at a loss, as is the public, to wade through the much of Mr. Mushet's figures, or make much out of them. But as an ordinary every day citizen, who believes thoroughly in the honesty and ability of the School Board, I am content to abide by the statements of Mr. H. W. Frank in these premises. He is an able financier, and a good business man of known integrity. When a man like Mr. Frank assures me that the finances of the school department are straight, I am satisfied. He has more business ability than the combined City Council, with several Mushets and accountants thrown in for good measure.

Accountants.

My faith in certified accountants is none too strong. Experience has taught me that "certified accountants" are very much like lawyers in this: that they can be depended upon to make out a case to fit anybody and everybody.

Cuzner.

When the California Club hit upon the device of testing the club liquor ordinance in a manner that would enable the question to go to the Supreme Court, it started a clever piece of business. One of the mem-

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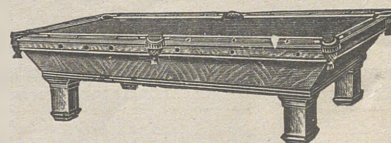
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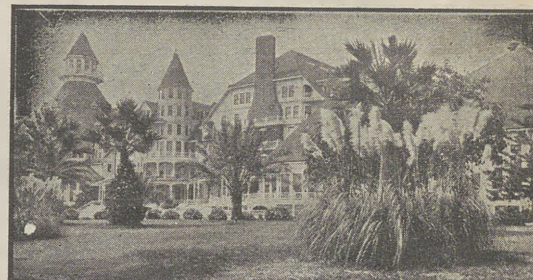
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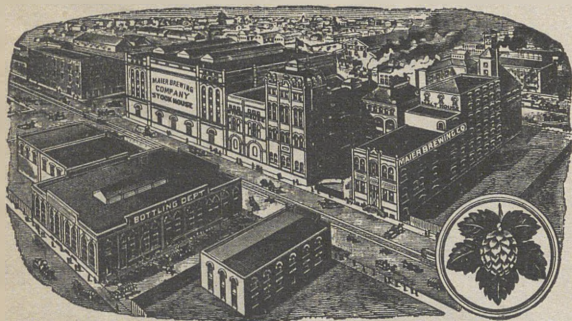
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bers, James Cuzner, has filed a suit in the Superior Court to enjoin the sale of liquor on the club premises. He asserts that in making such sales the property of the club is injured by making the organization liable to fines and other penalties. From the Superior Court this case can be taken to the Supreme Court. If, however, arrests were made under the ordinance, the issue involved could not get beyond the Superior Court, as such arrests would be for a misdemeanor. I notice that City Prosecuting Attorney Woolwine says he is going ahead with the prosecution of club officials, just the same.

"Your Home Paper."

"Your Home Paper," otherwise the Amos News Company, which operates the street stands, is under the displeasure of the City Attorney's office for resisting the anti-racing tip ordinance. "Your Home Paper" sells the San Francisco papers, which contain racing information that is under the ban of the Los Angeles ordinance. Intimations have been made to "Your Home Paper" to cease selling papers containing tips or else "move on." In other words, "Your Home Paper" is not to have any consideration merely because "Your Home Paper" believes in testing the ordinance. My own idea is that the city's legal department should welcome such an issue as "Your Home Paper" is creating. When the racing season opens at Arcadia a test must inevitably come, and it is better that this be done before that time. Finally, if the city authorities are so fierce to annoy everybody for obstructing the streets, I suggest they go after the foul-smelling tamale stands that appear after nightfall. In particular I call attention to the garlic-reeking wagon that is wheeled every night to Fourth street, just west of Broadway.

Harbor Lines.

Thanks to the energy of Senator Flint, it is likely that the difficulty over harbor lines at San Pedro will be adjusted in the near future. Secretary of War Taft will approve the lines established by the board, as soon as the report is made. This will be done without reference to the claims of any corporation or individual. Secretary Taft insists that the harbor lines shall be satisfactory to the commercial organizations.

The "Perkins Luck."

Senator George C. Perkins has returned to California. The question that is agitating

politicians is whether the Senator has brought back with him the usual supply of "Perkins luck." That he will need a special dispensation from fortune more than ever, when the Legislature convenes next January, seems obvious. Perkins's strongest asset will be found in the fact that they will be so busy fighting over Perkins's successor that the fight against Perkins himself will be neglected. Thus the adroit Perkins, who only builds political fences that he may balance himself thereon, once more finds himself undisturbed.

Candidate Belshaw.

With the elimination of Chester Rowell, it appears that Charles M. Belshaw of Contra Costa is bidding with considerable success for the favor of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League as its candidate against Perkins. Last week Belshaw was elected grand president of the Native Sons, and he will undoubtedly be supported enthusiastically by members of the order. Belshaw is rich and well able to make a senatorial campaign, although, according to the "Oakland Tribune's" "Knaves," he is as "close as the bark on a tree, and there will be a scream from every eagle on the dollars from which he is separated." His ability is undoubted, and there is no gainsaying that he is one of the very few first-class men who have graced the California Legislature in recent years. He has trained with the "organization" when he thought it right, and opposed it when he believed it to be wrong. If Belshaw becomes the Leaguers' candidate, Gen. Otis of the "Times" will find himself once more on the horns of a dilemma. The Contra Costa man's record in regard to union labor must assuredly commend him to "the General." As owner of the Mt. Diablo coal mines he has engaged in a number of warm campaigns with walking delegates, and it is certain that organized labor, of which leaders of both parties are still foolish enough to be afraid, will do their utmost to put a stopper on Belshaw's candidacy. So it will be seen that some awkward complications are inevitable.

Disappointed Alternate.

The northern wing of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League cared nothing about Jacob Neff except that they believed he was the strongest man to put up in their fight against General Otis for delegate-at-large. It was believed that "Uncle Jake's" health would not permit him to attend the Chicago convention, and therefore the selection of an alternate was of considerable importance. The choice fell on Charles S. Wheeler, who is Rudolph Spreckels's personal attorney. But I hear that after all Mr. Wheeler is likely to be disappointed, for early this week "Uncle Jake" expressed his intention to make the trip.

Gage and Hearst.

Of all the strange stories that have sprung from and about the Hearst Independence League, the strangest, surely, is that the leading presidential elector on the Hearst ticket is to be ex-Governor Henry T. Gage, with the understanding that he will be given the League's nomination for Governor two years hence. Doubtless the Hearstites would be only too glad to have the use of the name of so eminent and popular a citizen as Henry Gage, but Henry Gage is not the man to be



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caught by any such ridiculous offer, or pretenses. There is not a more staunch Republican in California than Henry T. Gage, and the suggestion of his name in connection with Hearst is a rank impertinence.

A Versatile Turfman.

Almost everybody who knows either Avalon or Arcadia knows "Abe" Levy. He built and owns the Pilgrims' Club at Avalon, a resort designed for the comfort and diversion of millionaires, who at such a distance from Wall street are apt to become victims of ennui unless they can still woo the fickle goddess. Mr. Levy, who is reputed to be several times a millionaire, divides his winters between Avalon and Arcadia. He is, in fact, one of the most successful bookmakers in the country. His square dealing and his genial manner have made him universally popular. The race track Mr. Levy regards as quite as legitimate as the stock exchange, and he has made and lost money on both. Levy is fond of golf, and, determined to become "better than a dub" at the Scotch game, he calmly hired Arthur Rigby as his personal and permanent instructor. Rigby for four or five years has been the Country Club's professional, and the members were loth to see him go. But "Abe" likes the best of everything, and his taste is admirable in more than one direction. Strange to say, this bookmaker loves real books best, and could pass a first-rate examination on Maeterlinck or Shakespeare, the Bible or Bernard Shaw. He is also a devotee of the drama, numbers many actors among his closest friends, and is the confidante of the Frohmans, who rule the American stage, and almost own it.

The Future Mrs. Levy.

In another month or so Lillian Albertson, who stepped into Amelia Gardner's shoes as the leading lady at the Belasco Theater, and won much favor here, will be Mrs. A. J. Levy. It was, I believe, not a little due to Levy's influence that Miss Al-

bertson, about a year ago, was given the much coveted opportunity of a trial on Broadway. Miss Albertson's instantaneous success, which she has since maintained and increased, was very gratifying to her many friends and admirers here. But Miss Albertson was fated the other day to be a figure in a sensational little drama in real life. Levy's first marriage was not a happy one, and a few weeks ago he succeeded in obtaining a divorce from his first wife, the decree, however, not becoming absolute till next August. Levy returned to New York from California about a month ago, and on the night of May 14 was escorting Miss Albertson and her mother from the theater. Just as he was handing the actress into his automobile, the first Mrs. Levy made her appearance, and, armed with an ice pick, made a rush at her former husband. Levy had made ample provision for his former wife, paying her \$300 a month alimony, but the first Mrs. Levy, when charged with assault, testified that she was anxious to see what the future Mrs. Levy "looked like off the stage." Miss Albertson has declared her intention of abandoning her promising stage career as soon as she becomes Mrs. Levy.


Barry.

Has Richard Barry two bodies? If not, how can he be in Paris and California at the same time? A short time ago the "Examiner" published a story under a Paris date line, signed "Richard Barry." In a day or two the same sheet announced that Barry had been married in San Francisco, and now it tells of his arrival in Los Angeles with his bride. Speaking of discrepancies, the "Times" in its account of the McComas trial, the day the case went to the jury, told us in one column that Jailor Murphy tood McComas to a New High street restaurant for his lunch, and in the next, in the same story, that the slayer of Mrs. Noyes was forced to eat in the county jail for the first time. General, you'd better get some more copy readers.

What?

What are the women of Los Angeles coming to when they will fight for places at a trial like that of McComas, where over three hundred tried to get in to listen to the disgusting details, and will permit themselves to be seen at a prize fight? They certainly "got what was coming to them" at the prize fight last week, when the megaphone man referred to them as "females." For the love of modesty and decency, women, haven't you broken into enough places formerly only for men? Can't you leave them to enjoy their prize fights alone? It reminded me of something I read last week in Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore." One of the characters was telling another that he'd like to transplant two refined, retiring old ladies of an old southern family to the North. "They," he said, "would teach our bulging automobilists, our unlicked boy cubs, our alcoholic girls, who shout to waiters for high balls on country club porches—they would teach these wallowing creatures, whose money has merely gilded their bristles, what American refinement once was. Manners we've lost, decencies we've banished, and standards we've lowered."

We're certainly lowering standards when respectable women will go to prize fights, and as for "alcoholic girls shouting for high



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balls," go to any country club within a radius of ten miles from Los Angeles and see that the girls who drink lemonade and water in preference to liquor are the exception and not the rule.

Vetter's Sketch.

Ach, Louis! So here's more publicity for you. Well, you're a good fellow, and we're all glad that Louis Vetter has not only written, but has had accepted a musical sketch. Louis knows what the public wants, and his sketch, which is as yet unnamed, will be put on by the Temple company here some time next winter, so that Angelenos will have an opportunity of hearing it.

"Reform."

Whenever an era of "reform" strikes the community, such as is now in full swing, there is always an ulterior reason for it. The police commission has decided to end the day of the Sunday restaurant-saloon and to stop the "hand-books" conducted at various cigar stores. The police board announces that it will stand by this decision. I am unable to learn the fundamental reason for this course of the police authorities. Depend upon it, there is a reason.

Amusing.

The "Express" is redoubling its efforts to regain its lost theatrical advertising. According to the "Express" everything which appears on the local boards is "clever," "entertaining," "amusing," "bright," "witty"—a few months ago everything was "vicious," "demoralizing," "hopelessly bad," "inane," and should be suppressed. The prostration of the "Express" in its search for \$600 a month or thereabouts is amusing.

Newspaper Clamor.

Newspaper clamor is responsible for the action of the Democratic Club in changing stewards. S. P. Clark is out, and George Hand has been installed in his place. It should be said in fairness to "Patsy" Clark that he stood behind the club in the most precarious period of its existence, and that he carried it for a considerable sum of money. Clark is a saloon keeper, and this was about the only argument that was advanced against him by the kid-glove element in the party. Maybe now that the change

is made there will be a reconciliation between the two factions that rend the local Democracy—and maybe there will be no peace. I incline to the latter view.

"Painless Parker."

I have heard many a Los Angeles dentist laugh at "Painless Parker," the alleged dentist whose specialty is advertising himself in any possible way—but it was not until a few days ago at Riverside that I ran across the "painless" one. Whether business is dull with "Painless Parker" or whether a fresh crop of grangers needs harvesting is immaterial; "Painless Parker" was at Riverside with a vaudeville show the members of which should have been tarred and feathered, on general principles. I heard the "painless" one tell perhaps a thousand people of his own virtues and skill and of the delinquencies of regular practicing dentists. It is beyond belief that this raucous-voiced, loud-mouthed braggart can attract business—but I am told that he does. A decent regard for English grammar is supposed to be part of the equipment of any man with sufficient education to be a dentist. "Painless" has a charming disregard for some of the niceties of the English language. If his dentistry is no better I shudder for those people of Riverside. This is no advertisement; the name Painless Parker is inserted herewith without any pecuniary return to me.

Tungsten and Tantalum.

Reports from the east are to the effect that several of the electric light companies are preparing to install a new incandescent light known as the tungsten and tantalum light which will reduce the cost of light to consumers from 25 per cent to 50 per cent. These lamps have metallic instead of carbon filaments now in general use. The saving is in the reduced amount of current. The lighting companies do not intend reducing their light rate but propose to favor their customers with the use of this new lamp in accord with the progress of science.

Local Application.

If such is the state of affairs in the east, then why do not the local companies get in touch with the march of progress? Los Angeles keeps up-to-date in most all other matters affecting the public's interests in general

and it may not be long for the electric lighting companies to forsee the advantage of installing the same kind of lamps.

New Lighting Plant.

On account of the electric lighting rate prevailing in Alhambra it is reported that a municipal lighting plant is a probability in the near future unless the company sees fit to grant a rate as low as that given South Pasadena and Los Angeles. A petition is in circulation asking for consideration and it is possible that the power company may reduce the rate to that granted other suburban cities. Alhambra, to-day is growing faster than any other suburb.

"Billy" Sunday's Tirade.

On Monday last Evangelist "Billy" Sunday, ex-baseball player, delivered an address to the Presbyterian ministers of Pittsburgh which will long be remembered. He told them that many of them were "fudge-eating mollicoddles" who passed out a continual flow of "bull-con" to their congregations, and many of them were well qualified for the "funny-house." Stiffs, salary quacks, grafters, pure and simple, some controlled by riches and not by the Bible. Some should be carrying the hod instead of preaching.

Tear down the seminaries, says Sunday. Stand the professors on their heads in mud puddles. Seminaries and their teachings are of no more use to preachers than a crane's legs are to a setting hen.

Greatest Consternation.

That such remarks by this Evangelist who has converted thousands by his dramatic expounding of the Gospel, created consternation among the preachers present, need not be stated and it is said many gracefully "slid-out" before Sunday concluded his arraignment.

While Sunday does not clothe his language most beautifully, preferably using the slang phrases so common to the street, still I believe the result of such a denunciation whether justifiable or not, will have a far reaching effect.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Deborah's Diary

"The Civic Association" of Los Angeles sounds rather a dry and uninteresting subject to dwell upon, and when delving deeper into the doings of this company one is told that it is given over to the extinction of garbage cans and bill boards, unconsciously one yawns and wonders what on earth this has to do with society or the Bard of Avon. But it all depends upon whose nose it is that is poking around these now esthetic eyesores; and when one discovers that it belongs to that clever and energetic club and society woman, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, one prepares involuntarily for something doing. And thus it is as a benefit for the general treasury of this really worthy asso-

ciation that it has been decided to give two most delightful pastoral plays, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It," by a company of professionals and amateurs; the stage set among the trees and on the velvety lawn of Singleton Court. Rehearsals have been under way for some weeks past, under the direction of Percival Aylmer, a brilliant young Englishman of more than usually magnetic personality and tense histrionic talent. Mr. Aylmer, who is a member of an old and titled English family, came into local prominence with the Mary Shaw company, and has acted, sung or danced in nearly every country on the globe. If the opening night proves even half as interesting as the rehearsal I had the pleasure of witnessing, the coffers of the Civic

Association ought to be filled to overflowing with society gate money. In addition to the attraction of the delightful play and players and Arcadian scenery with the moonlight for a background, many of our society belles will act as walking ladies in the crowds and chorus. This open air festival promises to be the big society event of the season. The committee in charge of the affair consists of Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, Mrs. Andrew Glassell, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. J. D. Hooker, Mrs. R. Wernick, Miss Cora Foy and many others of prominence. Scores of society women will be patronesses.

Among the local professionals and amateurs who will take part are: Wayland Trask, Edwin Booth, H. A. Lewis, Kendrick

Chamberlain, Gertrude Bagley, Gertrude Workman, Jean Bridgham, Alfred Wilkes, Charles Kellogg, James M. Cox, Stanley De Wolfe, Sam Garrett, Carroll Stilson, Miss L. Culver, Charles Clay, Virginia Berry and Ellen Galpin. Many children will have fairy parts and numerous young society buds will have walking on parts.

The Friday Morning Club has prepared an unusually interesting program for June. It is as follows:

June 5. Election of officers. "The Romance of Human Progress." (Illustrated with lantern slides from the British Museum and other famous European collections.) B. R. Baumgardt. Luncheon.

June 12. "The Way the Machine does Politics." Marshall Stimson. (Any guest will be admitted on presentation of member's visiting card.)

June 19. Discussion—"Are We Civilized?" Yes, Mrs. Anstruther Davidson, Mrs. T. W. Brown; No, Mrs. F. A. Gibson, Dr. Dorothea Moore. (Club Members only.)

June 26. Annual Meeting. Installation of Officers. Luncheon. (Club Members only.)

It will be noticed that Marshall Stimson

will tell how the machine does politics.. He can tell the story.

Recent arrivals of Los Angelenos at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were: F. H. Lamb, H. C. Chace, W. O. Huse, A. Fosgate, W. E. Plummer, S. F. Sheldon, J. H. Baker, F. Macpherson, Malone Joyce, W. W. Elliott, J. E. Holton, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Collins, Mrs. J. C. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. H. de Galler, Eugene Abadie, Louise Brarry, Mrs. J. R. Talpey, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fayram, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. I. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. F. Roche, C. L. French.

A musical and dance, under the direction of St. Rose's Guild of Nurses, will be given at the Ebell club house on June 11. The object is to establish a fund for emergency nurses in charitable cases and tickets are to be had of Desmond's, Burns', Mullen & Bluett's and Delaney's stores.

The following program will begin promptly at 8:15, followed by dancing:

Opening Address—Mr. Joseph Scott.
"Your Voice," violin obligato, (Denza)—Mr. J. Bierlich.

"Nita Gitana" (De Koven)—Mr. Leroy Jepson.
Jocelyn Berceuse, violin (Godard)—Mr. Julius Bierlich.

Love's Delight (Liszt)—Miss Carmelita Rosecrans.

Among the Lilies (Henshaw Denza).
Dream of the Rose (Denza)—Mr. Tom Karl. Accompanist, Mrs. L. A. Grant.

March Coronation (Meyerbeer)—Orchestra.
Farce, "Too Much Galatea." Galatea, Miss Ruby E. Gardner; Mrs. Wiggles, Miss Edith Mitchell; Mr. Fenton, Mr. Leroy Jepson; Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Henry Daly.

March Russe (Ganne)—Orchestra.

The reception committee consists of Drs. A. Burkelman, P. G. Cotter, P. S. Dougherty, E. T. Dillon, Hanlon, Molony, J. A. McGarry, A. J. Scholl, E. B. Studer, Anton, J. P. Booth, W. E. Reed, Sr., W. E. Reed, Jr., H. M. Rooney.

In the making of exquisite stationery and engraving of a high order, Messrs. Brock & Feagans certainly cannot be excelled. One of the most charming, quaint and historically correct invitations that has been gotten out in this section of the country is for the Colonial party, given by Mr. and Mrs. James Harvey Adams. In the upper left hand corner is a lady and gentleman in Colonial costume, in color, executed in a very dainty way. The reading matter is also of the old Colonial quaintness both in expression and method of lettering, using the old-fashioned long S wherever that letter is a needed. The numerous marriage and reception invitations and announcements all denote that Messrs. Brock & Feagans have one who is educated, cultured and refined in charge of their stationery department; one who knows from the gentleman's side, outside of the necessary business quality.

June, the month of weddings, is one that tries the resources of many in deciding what to send the happy bride. In the matter of fine and exclusive china, which is always very appropriate and acceptable, at the same time extremely decorative, there is a wide field to choose from. Parmelee-Dohrmann Company of 436 South Broadway have a superb and exquisite line of very choice makes. One of the first to attract the eyes is the unusual and beautiful "Kornilow" Russian china made in St. Petersburg. The

Komet Punch

When entertaining, if you wish to serve a most delicious refreshment, order a supply of Komet Punch. Telephone us; we take all the care off your hands, supplying competent service, even, if desired; but only on orders of five gallons or more. Prices on request.

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Exclusive Ladies' Tailors
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Table

Silverware

The one theme dear to every Housewife's heart; Parmelee-Dohrmann the only place where she may have her fancy satisfied.

The beauty, the variety and the reliability of every piece has put Parmelee-Dohrmann first in the mind of the discriminating public; the leadership is more than demonstrated by the addition of four new patterns in solid Silver.

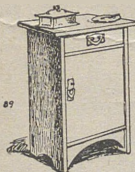
The "Florence" "Abbottsford" "Frontenac" and "Jeane d'Arc"

These patterns may be had in either the bright or French Grey finishes.

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Suit Cases and Ladies' Hand Bags.
Fine Trunk and Hand Bag Repairing. Home F 3399
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AMONG THE
PINES

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JUNE 15th



The most restful and enjoyable spot in all Southern California in which to spend a vacation.

Easily accessible, splendid roads and trails. Idyllwild, in the Strawberry Valley, is Riverside's great natural park.

New road from Oak Cliff.

New trail up Tahquitz.

Modern Bungalow Hotel. Accommodations with or without meals.

Tents and Cottages furnished for house-keeping.

Good general store, with moderate prices. Meat market, large dairy, steam laundry, electric lights; in fact, all city conveniences right in the heart of the woods. Perfect sanitary conditions. No poison oak. Persons with lung trouble not admitted. Amusements of all kinds: horse-back riding, bowling, billiards, tennis, croquet, dancing, orchestra.

Write for illustrated booklet to

WALTER WATKINS, Mgr.

Idyllwild, Riverside County, California.

Fine French China

Made By J. POUYAT, Limoges



THE five exclusive Brock & Feagans patterns were designed to cover five phases of decoration to please the most exacting taste.

Delicate shadings of pink and green, rich dark blue, bronze and all gold. Every piece stamped with our name.

This world-known wonderfully beautiful line is offered as a gift suggestion for the bride and the home.

Brock & Feagans
JEWELERS

437-439-441 BROADWAY

china itself is of very fine quality; the decoration, refined, rich and ornate, unusual in its motif and splendid in color. It has a royal, sumptuous appearance, so that a dining table set with it would, indeed, be grand. The next in importance for originality and beauty, is the celebrated "Lenox" bone ware. It is not generally known, but very fine china contains a certain percentage of bone. In the "Lenox" it contains ninety-five per cent bone, which produces a very hard china of unusual texture, tone, and a susceptibility to receiving a very high glaze, which has one decided peculiarity in that the glaze absorbs the applied decoration asserting itself in its fullness of gloss, the same as if it had not been decorated, also by this particularity giving the decoration great richness, depth and softness. The "Lenox Belleek" ware is also very beautiful, especially that which is decorated in gold. Large surfaces are first elaborately and richly designed, the background of which is eaten out from the surface letting the ornament stand out in low relief; then the complete decorated surface is gilded, showing the background in matt, and the ornament in burnished gold. The "Royal Vienna" ware is always rich, rare and in good taste. Some beautiful examples are to be found in the large collection at this store. "Dresden" ware is also well represented by beautiful pieces, and an abundant variety to choose from. There is a fine collection of the old open basket "Dresden" that is of great interest, beautifully decorated with the little rose pattern. "Sevres" china is found in all its charm and beauty. Some pieces decorated according to the period of Louis Philippe with its insignia and crown, are quite choice and interesting. Many beautiful chocolate sets in Limoges china are shown, which form very acceptable gifts. Other pieces of this particular make, with soft color glazes, are of exceptional interest; one decorated with the white poppy is especially beautiful. Some of these pieces have had special firings called "Fev de Four" and so stamped, that preserves all the beauty and luster of the glaze after decoration. Those signed by William Guerin have also special interest to the collector. In the English china, the "Coalport," "Minton" and "Cauldon" makes are well represented. A beautiful set is to be



THE WORLD-RENOVED CZARINA GOLD CREAM

is prepared after the Formula used at the COURT OF THE ROMANOFFS.

The only Perfect

TOILET CREAM

For those of

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CLEAR, BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHY COMPLEXION.

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ONCE TRIED YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.

For sale by all druggists—PRICE 25 CENTS.
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BOBRICK CHEMICAL CO.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

seen decorated in what is termed the Indian tree, a particular pattern very fashionable in England about 1750. This is made in all its quaintness of that period by the Coalport potteries. They also make very charming pieces of fancy Mocha's, some in deep blue and gold are unusually so. The "Cauldon" dinner sets deserve the best attention. There is also a large quantity of German ware.

It is of interest to know that the United States has, of recent years, come well to the front in the art of fine china, both as to its make and decoration. We now rank equal to any country. The beautiful "Lenox" china made in Trenton, New Jersey, and the Pickard studios of Ravenswood, Chicago, Illinois, are two of the most successful. Those interested would do well to pass an hour examining this superb collection, if only for the gratification of seeing the wonderful things being produced in this line.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

If the hot weather "cometh not" yet, it is certainly no fault of our good store-keepers; they are all ready for it. The Boston Store, for example, was showing some of the very smartest things that such a very proper house dare show in bathing gowns this week, and I was tickled to death to hear a lady ask for something a little warmer when shown a short "sketch" in gold and brown. But you know, dear girl, it is the wise, as well as the early bird, that gets the choicest "worm," and we know the torrid days must be coming upon us with a suddenness that will make us hie to the sea shore and sigh for a prettier bathing

costume. The Boston Store has some beauties in black taffeta, others not so expensive, but very chic and effective, in blues, browns and greys, made in the square neck effect that looks very alluring above the little wavelets. "Misses" bathing suits are also to be found in abundance in the Boston Annex, and cunning little abbreviated affairs for the little dimpled tots.

And for the reign of King Sol we find the good Ville de Paris holding out a stupendous display of parasols and sun umbrellas, in every variety of shade, style and color. The very newest arrivals in the "land of sunshades" at the Ville are the hand-embroidered and tucked white linen parasols.

The Japanese embroidery in eyelet and heavy work on these imported parasols is most elaborate and artistic; all sorts of designs run riot over the many panels and are quite tremendously stylish, worn with a summer costume. Little girls also have their choice in the Ville of parasols frilled and parasols plain, all the way from fifty cents up. The tall handled English walking umbrella is a very tony thing this year, and takes the place of the "swagger stick" in a most useful and effective fashion. At the Ville, my dear, you will find quite the fullest choice of parasols in every sort of stitch and material and at all prices.

Myer Siegel's, at 253 South Broadway,

was holding a reception at the muslin counter this week, where the June sale was already in full and exciting fling. Amongst other beautiful pieces of lingerie I saw at Myer Siegel's was a few extra choice sets of French embroidered underwear, made by the nuns in France, for the adornment of the American bride. Such wondrous daintiness and fineness of handiwork makes one marvel at the patience of the distant fingers. These are all heavily and elaborately trimmed with real Valenciennes or Duchesse lace and ribbons and scent sachets, and all the other alluring vanities that go to make a bride completely happy. These sets, as well as all the lingerie at Siegel's, are cut down to a third off the regular price, during this June sale, and anyone who "shops" and knows the joy of a bargain will speedily realize what this means.

Blackstones' handsome establishment was lending itself to the adornment of the sweet girl graduate this week. You know confirmations and graduating exercises are all in order at this season, and nowhere can a more charming outfit for either occasion be selected than at Blackstones. There you will find a most extensive assortment of white wash goods for the gowns

French and English Models

Special Creations
for the Individual

Beach

APPROVAL
SOLICITED

Exclusive Women's Hatter

346 South Broadway

and frocks. A wash chiffon, wide and sheer, I saw there, was going to make up into a charming white gown for a pretty pensive maiden. Embroidered and eyelet batiste from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars a yard will make an already "all trimmed" gown. Blackstones' has every known and unknown want choicely filled for the girlie this week, from the dainty white stockings to the little French lace fan. And for an extensive selection of novelties

in white wash dress goods there is no place equal to the good Blackstones' store.

Nothing special in the millinery world this week, dear child; every place is cutting the prices away down, but as I have already assured you, the place to get a truly imported model at a domestic price is at Swobdi's, 749 South Broadway.

Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street, June Second.

On the Stage and Off



ROBERT MANTELL, AT THE MASON

The Mason Opera House will have a notable and important attraction beginning Monday night in Robert Mantell, who appears under the direction of William A. Brady in a repertoire of Shakespeares's tragedies. Mr. Mantell enjoys the unusual distinction of being the one tragedian who devotes himself almost exclusively to the Shakespearean drama. Since the death of Sir Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield, he has been hailed by come as the greatest Shakespearean actor on the stage to-day. Mr. Mantell's repertoire includes "King Lear," Monday night; "Macbeth," Tuesday night; "Hamlet," Wednesday night; "King Lear," Thursday night; "Othello," Friday night; "Macbeth," Saturday afternoon; "King Richard III.," Saturday night.

The night performances will begin at eight o'clock and the matinee at 2 o'clock sharp.

"Caught in the Rain" is the bubble of fun, a bit of melodrama, not much of anything, and a good bit of everything. Whether you laugh at William Collier's original jokes, or whether you laugh at the inimitable Collier knack of expression is open for

351 SO. BROADWAY

The Newest and Best in Portraiture



Indian Crafts Exhibition

INDIAN VILLAGE

See the Indians

The best place to buy Genuine Indian Goods and Souvenirs

Mission Road near Eastlake Park

Open Daily and Sundays

The Chutes

Lehigh Investment Co.
ADMISSION TEN CENTS.

The Greatest Amusement Park in the World.

FREE RIDES

On the Chutes, Miniature Railway and Merry-go-Round, Free Vaudeville every afternoon and evening.

FREE DANCING PAVILION

Dancing every Evening and Sunday afternoons. Societies and Lodges can make arrangements for exclusive use by giving one week's notice. Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Sixth and Main Sts. Phones 1270

Last Times Saturday of

"DAVID HARUM"

Next week beginning Sunday afternoon

"MISTRESS NELL"

Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c. Evenings, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

BELASCO THEATER

Belasco, Mayer & Co. Proprietors.

Main St. bet. Third & Fourth.
Main 3380 Phones Home 267

LAST TIME SUNDAY OF

"The Girl of the Golden West"

BEGINNING MONDAY

"Before and After"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every night, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

argument. The plot of the play is frothy, but appears to completely satisfy the audiences.

William Collier is a comedian who appreciates comedy. Every gesture, every expression tells; he sends his personality across the footlights, and by magnetism establishes a warm sympathy that wins half his success. Next in merit to Collier is Helen Collier-Garrick, who gets a deal more out of the part of Mrs. Merriden than would one actress in a thousand. Muriel Mason is winsomely girlish in the hands of Ellen Mortimer.

A clean, frolicsome comedy like "Caught in the Rain" does more to better theater-goers than all the murky problem plays that Pinero or Jones can turn out.

At the Orpheum this week there is an excellent bill and there is one turn that is a veritable jewel. It is the little sketch by Julius Steger and Company entitled "The Fifth Commandment." The plot amounts to little; a wandering singer comes to the house where an old grandfather lives with his grand-daughter and her aunt. The singer turns out to be the father of the little girl. The beauty of the sketch lies in the indescribable art of Steger's acting, combined with his softly modulated singing. His walk alone is an artistic wonder. It shows the bearing of an aristocrat encumbered by the fawning attitude of an artist who has fallen to the level of the ordinary street singer. The finale would be impossibly bizarre were it not for the very effective stage set-

ting and the sweet daintiness of Miss Minnie Lee who plays the part of the grand-daughter. The effect of the plaintive melody of the song "Her mother used to love" filtering through the wings is very good and nobody need feel ashamed if the drop of the curtain gives them a chance to sniff once and blink when the lights come up.

Shields and Rogers are very clever, and delighted us with their expert rope throwing. A very novel and pleasing act. Agnes Mahr and her dainty little assistant tripped into our hearts on their toes and made us wish that they would go on dancing forever. May Boley is a perfect Marie Lloyd, junior, and her whimsical expressions and vivacious manner more than excuse her startling incursions into the realm of vulgarity. Nellie Florede with her English voice and gestures and her six little English dancers, was very delightful. Dressed as a boy she capered and sang and carried away our hearts in seven pieces when the curtain fell. Avery & Hart describe themselves when one asks the other if he knows the effect of whiskey. The answer is "Yes, GREAT." The Bedouin Arabs did some clever pyramid work and then started on a perfect carouse of the most marvelous tumbling. Each one seemed to be vying to out-tumble the others and the finale was a gyroscope of flashing arms, legs and bodies that brought the house to its feet. The moving pictures at the end were clever as usual and closed one of the best bills ever put on in the house.



Nell Lockwood and Hazel Bryson
Stage Names of Two Los Angeles Girls at the Orpheum Next Week

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Orpheum—Two names well known in Los Angeles appear on the Orpheum announcement for the coming week. They are Lockwood and Bryson, and they partially conceal the identity of the two young women who left this city six months or more ago for a tour of the Orpheum circuit, and eventually appeared professionally in every important city from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Their impersonations won immediate favor with vaudevillians everywhere. Their engagement next week is their first appearance on the local Orpheum stage.

The headlined act is "Marcel's Bas Reliefs," a series of living statuary and pictures arranged and presented under the supervision of the well-known artist, Jean Marcel. Eighteen models are required for the presentation of these pictures. Salerno, famous the world over, returns after a long European engagement. No modern juggler has been so widely imitated as Salerno and almost every juggler who has attained any prominence is using material invented and employed by him. Kennedy & Rooney will appear for one week only. These comedians are so well known that their names would add strength to any bill, however attractive. They call their new act the "Happy Medium." William Tompkins is a new name, added to the list of monologists during the past year. He is heralded as not only the latest but the best of his class. The Bedouin Arabs, Shields & Rogers and "The English Rockers" remain another week.

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In the Musical World

For ten years past Thilo Becker has been one of the notable musical figures in Los Angeles from the educational work he has been doing. Prior to that time he was its leading concert pianist. Now he has decided to again take up public work and with his wife, formerly Miss Otie Chew, the widely known violinist, will give two recitals at Simpson auditorium Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon of next week. Mr. Becker's abilities as an interpreter of piano classics is recognized in the musical fraternity, and he has a large circle of admirers in the musical and social world. Mrs. Becker has given two or three recitals here with success in every respect. As Otie Chew, she studied under Compertz, Sauret and in the Joachim school at Berlin. Her appearances in that city and London gave her press criticisms that certainly must have been flattering to her artistic spirit. Her debut was made with the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin, and since that her career has been one of continued artistic success. These artists will offer programs worthy of their reputation, and will give works seldom heard on the local stage. It is needless to say the selections will be of strong educational, as well as aesthetic, value, as their whole aim is to further the public interest in their art. Tickets are on sale at Blanchard's ticket office, in the Bartlett music store.

The Lyric Club will give the last concert of the season at Simpson Auditorium, Friday evening, June 12, at 8:15 o'clock. In the following program they will be assisted by Mr. William James Chick, Miss Myrtle F.

Quellet, Miss Lucy Führer, Miss Bessie Führer and Mrs. Eva Young-Zobelein, Miss Edna Wenger, Mrs. Marie Sweet-Baker and Mrs. Ada Marsh-Chick of the club:

PART I.

St. John's Eve (Chaminade).
Soloist, Miss Edna Wenger.
A Vision of the Angels (Earle).
In Rare Vienna (Stevenson).
Soloist, Mr. William James Chick.
The Rose and the Moth (Jamison).
The Blind Girl's Song from Gioconda (Ponchielli).
Mrs. Eva Young-Zobelein.
Prayer (Jahn).
Soloist, Mrs. Marie Sweet-Baker.

PART II.

Spring, Come Then! (Jenkins).
By the Rivers of Babylon (Loeffler).
(a) Fantaisie Brillante, "Martha" (Oberthür);
(b) Piratenmarch (Parrish-Abvars).
Miss Myrtle F. Quellet.
Italian Serenade (Stevenson).
Soloist, Mr. William James Chick.
Mammy's Lullaby (Jamison).

The College of Music, University of Southern California, announces a piano recital to be given by pupils of Miss Trowbridge, Thursday, June 4, at four o'clock in the college chapel, assisted by Miss Mabel Cleveland, soprano.

Arrangements have been made for an orchestral concert of band music to be given at Simpson's Auditorium on Tuesday evening, June 16, at 8 p. m.

It is an organization of some of the best players taken from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sousa's band, Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, the Philadelphia Symphony, including Franz Helle, fluegel horn, Vaclav



Mrs. Otie Chew Becker

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM**Mr. and Mrs.****Thilo Becker**

announce two

Piano and Violin Recitals

Tuesday Evening, June 9th, 8:15 P. M.

Saturday Matinee, June 13th, 2:30 P. M.

Advance sale of seats at Bartlett Music Co. beginning June 1, 9:00 A. M. Prices 50c, 75c \$1.00

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Jiskra, contra bass and many soloists under the conductorship of Henry Ohlmeyer. This concert is given as a tribute to the music lovers of Los Angeles and vicinity, and to show the splendid capabilities of the men who constitute the Coronado Tent City Orchestral Concert Band.

The admission is by invitation only, and these may be obtained from Mr. H. F. Norcross, at 334 South Spring St., or from Mr. L. E. Behymer, 344 Blanchard Hall. Those who have obtained invitations may exchange their tickets on and after June 15, at Bartlett's Music Company. The numbers are as follows:

Grand Fantasia from "Madam Butterfly" (Puccini).

Flugel Horn Solo, "Samson and Delilah" (Saint Saens).

(a) Scarf Dance from "Ballet Callirhoe"; (b) "La Lisonjra" (Chaminade).

Suite, "Looking Upward" (Sousa). 1, By the Light of the Polar Star; 2, Beneath the Southern Cross; 3, Mars and Venus.

INTERMISSION.

Grand Selection, "La Boheme" (Puccini).

Divertissement for Contra Bass Solo (Limandl).

Overture, "Le Songe D'Une Nuit D'Ete" (Thomas).

"Rondo Capriccioso" (Mendelssohn).

The management of the Los Angeles Symphony has again been placed in the hands of L. E. Behymer. This is his twelfth consecutive season in this position, and if hard work and close attention to details will have

any effect upon the public and the patrons, the devotion of this hard working manager, with the assistance of an efficient board of directors and associate members, should make this year the most successful one the orchestra has yet known.

The Symphony selections arranged at the present time and which constitute a portion of six programs, are as follows;

SYMPHONIES.

Second Symphony in A Minor, Op. 55 (Saint Saens).

Sixth Symphony, Pathetique, in B Minor (Tchaikowski).

First Symphony in E Minor (Sibelius).

Fifth Symphony (Beethoven).

Country Wedding Symphony (Goldmark).

New World Symphony (Dvorak).

OVERTURES.

Eugene Onegin (Tchaikowski).

A Life for the Czar (Glinka).

Tannhauser (Wagner).

Lustspiel (Busoni).

Corsair (Berlioz).

Euryanthe (Weber).

SUITES AND SYMPHONIC POEMS.

Ramayana (Shapleigh).

Launcelot and Elaine (MacDowell).

Suite Africaine (Lacombe).

Ballet Russe (Luigini).

Prologue to "The Passing of Arthur" (Busch).

Roman de Arlequin (Massenet).

MISCELLANEOUS.

Vorspiel to Third Act of the Meistersinger (Wagner).

Tarantelle (Liszt).

March from Julius Caesar (Von Bulow).

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

Perhaps no better indication of the advancement and progress of a city can be had than the knowledge of a corporation recently established by a large number of prominent and influential citizens who have organized what is termed "The Fine Arts League." The one who has given the most amount of time and energy to the movement in bringing it into real life is Mrs. W. H. Housh, who has been unceasing in her efforts for the promotion of this immense scheme that will take an enormous amount of capital and time to develop and build up. But when there is a will there is a way, and now that the Fine Arts League is an established fact, and has existence, we must look forward now to the gradual growth and development of this great and commendable plan to uplift, educate, refine and cultivate the masses, both young and old; but this great movement will be specially directed towards the young, taking them at the most susceptible age and leading them into an appreciation and cultivation of what are the higher attributes of the human soul; assisting them by precept, and beautiful, refined surroundings to give a better and truer expression to all that is good and glorious within themselves.

No matter what mode the individual will later choose to express himself, each and every branch of the fine or applied arts will be represented: sculpture, architecture, painting, music, drama or poetry. Perhaps the movement will be better understood by quoting extracts from the recent brochure of the True Arts League: "The object of the league is to found and maintain, after the highest standards and for the public good, an institution which shall be primarily

the home of the fine arts, including music and poetry.

"The site will be chosen with a view to giving an architectural effect. The building will be pure in style, probably classical. It will be dignified by sculpture and adorned by paintings. Building and grounds will make a splendid picture. There will be the proper proportion, the correct distribution, the unity of effect. The planting, the lines leading into the picture, all the details will be beautiful and picturesque, yet subordinate; the whole making one grand effect with a great central idea. Not one, but a series of well-lighted, adequately-equipped galleries will be there; and in making exhibitions the aim will be to give to every wall the effect of a carefully studied composition." . . . "To be a judge of the fine arts the universals of beauty must be understood and the spiritual significance apprehended. The halo must be around that which is beautiful and true, regardless of whether this be found among the old or the new, the standards to be the great universals of art." . . . "While the local souvenir element will be avoided, still we shall remember that art and the art spirit are not local, although their expression, particularly through the landscape painters, is necessarily influenced by locality.

"Our first effort will be to encourage the true art spirit in our own community, to bring about a better understanding and a keener appreciation of the good work that is being done among our own people." . . . "Students of the history and development of art, note the controlling art influences as religion, government, locality, and the prevailing judgment of the time. To

all of these determining factors in civilization fine art gives expression; but the most vivid, vital and tangible representation of religious and political conceptions, of effects of locality or physical environment, and the most profound reflection of the ideas of the prevailing judgment of the time may be found in the theater, or in the dramatic art. Again, the soul of the artist longing to express its conceptions of beauty, of honor and of truth, with simplicity and sincerity, should not be forced into slavish complaisance with the caprices of power, nor compelled to prostitute the noble ends of dramatic art by compliance with the selfish demands of commercialism.

"In order, therefore, to protect the artist, and to promote the purity of fine art as produced in the theater, we must raise the art tone of the community by beginning the education of artistic perception with the children. Thus providing a congenial atmosphere where art and artists may flourish.

"It is said that whenever people have been free to choose, with the added capacity of knowing how to choose, artistic sense has reached its highest development. Accordingly, is not our opportunity supremely great? For what may we not hope in artistic appreciation and attainment from a people enjoying the religious and political freedom which is the pride and power of the American republic; added to which the ideal climate of Southern California, particularly that of our own locality, in which art and nature happily vie for supremacy.

"Hence, no more beneficial movement could be inaugurated in the interest of morality and art, than that which will turn the prevailing judgment from what is tawdry and trivial, brutally realistic and

grotesquely ugly, to what is delicately imaginative, strong, true, beautiful and inspiring. Wherefore we should deem it our special privilege, as well as our ethical, esthetical and patriotic duty, to incorporate in the plans for a Fine Arts Building a scheme for a juvenile theater that shall stand for dramatic representations of such a pure, noble and artistically beautiful character as to fill the minds of the young with reflections and images such as shall give rise to ideals of an order that will mould and influence for good their entire lives."

"The policy of the league has been to lay well the foundation for a great superstructure, rather than hastily to establish unworthily for the sake of visible achievement." "Obviously an extensive piece of land, well-located, will be one of the essentials in meeting the requirements of the organization." "Any person may become an annual or a life member of this league on payment of the annual or life dues, respectively, and acceptance by the Board of Directors.

Associations, favorably passed upon by the Membership Committee, may be made life members of this league upon payment of \$100, and shall have the privilege of one representative.

Fees for annual membership shall be \$2 a year in advance, and \$50 for life membership.

Any person may become a life member of this league upon payment of \$50.

Any person or association paying to this league the sum of \$1,000 and less than \$5,000 shall be a life member, with the title of Patron of Art, and shall have his or her name suitably inscribed on the walls of the art building.

Any person paying into this league the

sum of \$5,000 or more shall be a life member, with the title of Founder, and shall have his or her name inscribed on the walls of the art building." "The scope of our work is certainly broad enough to include the interest of every man, woman and child in the community."

The following are the officers of the Fine Arts League, Inc.: Mr. T. E. Gibbon, president; Mr. John J. Byrne, first vice-president; Mrs. W. H. Housh, second vice-president; Mrs. C. A. Burcham, third vice-president; Mrs. S. A. W. Carver, fourth vice-president; Mrs. Berthold Baruch, recording secretary; Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant, corresponding secretary; Mrs. W. J. Chambers, financial secretary; Mrs. H. L. Story, treasurer; Mrs. S. A. W. Carver, auditor.

Chairmen standing committees: Mr. Glen J. Byrne, ways, means and sites; Mrs. Gregory P. Cotter, membership; Mrs. W. H. Housh, art; Miss M. M. Fette, press.

Board of directors: Mr. Thomas E. Gibbon, Mrs. S. A. W. Carver, Mr. William M. Van Dyke, Mrs. W. G. Chambers, Mrs. C. A. Burcham, Mrs. Berthold Baruch, Mr. John J. Byrne, Mrs. H. L. Story, Mrs. W. H. Housh, Miss M. M. Fette, Mr. Henry W. O'Melveny, Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant, Mr. Harley Hamilton, Mrs. Gregory P. Cotter, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles.

The above well known citizens are a sufficient guarantee that the Fine Arts League is firmly founded and that it will push forward with a steady purpose, for the fulfillment of its greatest ambitions to the benefit and enjoyment of all artists in every profession, and a realization of the most ennobled beauty, for the greater uplifting and edifying of the inner self, making nobler, truer, more tolerant and more courteous men and women.

Mrs. W. H. Housh will attend the great International Congress for the development of drawing and art teaching, which will be held in London next August. The schools for the applied arts, in the great metropolis, are some of the best in the world.

There is an oil painting at Raymond Gould's gallery executed by Mrs. Antonia Melville, of Santa Monica. The subject is an ideal three-quarter length of a young girl. Mrs. Melville was a pupil of W. P. Frith, R. A., of London. One glance at the painting is sufficient to determine the influence which controls the painter's work. As it is of a particular type which was in vogue some fifty years ago among a certain few who labored unceasingly over the same work, giving the impression of a worried piece of painting, with all breadth and spontaneity completely submerged by littleness and smoothings of inconsequential details. That this artist has ability, is a good draughtsman with a keen eye for color, there is no question; but so enslaved and bound by an obsolete school and method as to be futile, as far as the present interpretation of art is concerned. She should abandon those methods for perfect freedom and a thorough grasp and understanding of handling masses, and adopt a direct way of working with the brush instead of re-painting and re-painting, scumbling and glazing to the utter loss of spontaneity and freshness. A successful painter of today must have eagerness, vigor, freshness and a power to grasp the

drawing, composition, and reproduce every glimmer of trembling light suffused through the work with impulsive directness. One must have that joyous passion and exuberance of feeling, and a command and power over materials to express that which is worth while.

A most interesting piece of medallion work is being executed by Mrs. Julia Bracken Wendt, sculptress. It is for a medal that will be executed in metal and given as an award of merit to exhibitors at the Chicago Art Institute. The commission was given to Mrs. Wendt by the Chicago Society of Artists, which is a decided compliment to this artist, as the society has many strong sculptors among its members and goes to show their deep appreciation of her ability. The design is exceptionally good; the face of the medal symbolizes art by a female figure, very gracefully composed, showing sweetness and beauty of line. There is an arch which symbolizes labor, and the figure is in the act of placing the keystone, which is intended to typify that art is the keystone of all labor. There are figures on either side symbolizing sculpture and painting; in the field below is a plowman, typifying the first artisan. On the reverse side is the inscription embellished by the insignia of the institute appropriately surrounded with laurel leaves, etc. The medal, which is modeled large for reduction, is one of the best pieces of the neumismatic art, beautiful in its perfect understanding of extreme low relief and its almost imperceptible delicacy of suggestion and rendering, that only an expert of great experience could render. It is a piece that August Saint Gaudens would have shown great appreciation for. Another piece of work of great beauty is a holy water font, showing a full relief of the crucified Christ above the font well, with an olive tree growing on either side whose branches intertwine in an arch form around the upper part of the figure of Christ. In the center directly above the head of Christ, there is a space left underneath the leaves sufficiently large to establish an electric light; a good idea, and one that would be immensely practical and effective. The figure of Christ is rendered exceedingly well, with a fine feeling of the agony of our Lord on the cross. It is intended to be reproduced in bronze, and would form a superb memorial gift to any Catholic church. Mrs. Wendt is also extremely successful in portraiture; one just completed of Mrs. Vosburg, which is a splendid likeness with wonderful feeling and portrayal of character, shows her ability in this line of work.

The Royal Institute of Water Colorists, which is now exhibiting in London, has been very disappointing this year. It has been criticized as trivial, vapid, over-prettyfied and lamentable. The only redeeming exhibitor is Frank Brangwyn, who, as usual, shows force and sincerity, having a firm grasp of the realities of color and life, and who paints with remarkable ease and gusto.

Miss Duval, who has been working in Paris for the last year, has made some copies of paintings in the galleries there, which will be exhibited in the Kanst galleries and reviewed in our next issue.

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Autos and Autoists

BY JACK DENSHAM

The Race of Resourceful Ralph.

With its barreled hood o'er whirring fan
And its engine sprung to life,
Purring a low-toned melody
A song with power rife,
There stands that dainty Franklin car
All eager for the strife.

A-down the stretch eleven cars
Strung in a perfect line,
Come slowly to the starting point;
The flag, in swift decline,
Drops and the roar of engines sounds
Like an exploding mine.

Resourceful Ralph spurts out ahead
Five laps he holds the lead,
But Danny follows close behind
With ever-gaining speed,
The Stoddard-Dayton on his heels,
It is a race indeed.

Then craftily Ralph slackens speed,
"One hundred miles to go,
I'll let them wear their tires out
While resting mine, and so
I think it would be wise," quoth he,
"To go a trifle slow."

Thus Fiery Dan takes on the lead
Not fearing chance mishap,
He takes the turns at awful speed
Until he gains a lap,
But Ralph serenely buzzes on,
Resourcefulness on tap.

The Stearns has covered thirty miles,
But now its extra weight,
In skidding round those awful turns,
Has done the work of fate;
Its tires are gone, Ralph still rolls on,
He packs no extra freight.

Once, only once, in all that race
Ralph Hamlin has to stay.
Just one new tire, then on again
He flashes on his way;
And now he's seven laps ahead,
"A cinch," the people say.

Ralph wins the race, and Fiery Dan
Produces quite a mess
By swiftly crashing through the fence.
I think we must confess
That Hamlin won the race because
He had resourcefulness.

Hats off to the drivers in the races last Saturday and Sunday—some of them—and to the tire manufacturers. This last is what impressed me more than anything else, except, perhaps, the great number of people who went out to see the races. In the fifty-mile race on Saturday nine heavy machines went round the track, and only one had tire trouble. I feel quite safe in saying that a year ago there would have been no such record made. Ralph Hamlin covered himself and his car with glory, and I could not think of anybody more deserving of such a signal success, nor a more modest and courtly gentleman to carry it off afterward with such genial modesty. As Bill Batchelder said to me after the race on Saturday: "Well, if I had to be beaten, thank goodness it was by a gentleman like Ralph," and I echoed with "Aye, aye, sir."

Danny Kuhl, known as Fiery Dan, was a very fortunate young person. By rights the big Stearns should have squashed the life

out of him when it turned turtle, but Dan came up smiling, with not so much as a broken bone, and by the time you read this, he will probably be running round as chirpy as though he had never been in an accident. The brunt of the accident falls on Mr. Batchelder, and he has my very sincerest sympathy. The car was a new one, and it will mean several hundred dollars before it is in good shape again, and then can not be sold for a new car. The only comfort he has is that his car clearly showed higher speed than any other car on the track on Sunday. Had it not been for tire trouble, the Stearns would have won easily. But if you take the other side of the question, the Franklin had no tire trouble to speak of. This is a grand boost for the manufacturer's claim of the advantage of light weight. Ralph skimmed around the corners as lightly as a fly, and his tires seemed not to mind it, while Dan, when he took the turns hard, came through splinters of rubber flying behind him. Well, here goes to tell all about the races.

I had no passes to take me and my adherents into the park, but I thought there would be no difficulty in getting in, so I hied me gaily down to the Stearns agency to see how Danny and fraternity were getting along with their preparations. My chief interest was with the Stearns entry, because I wanted to see Dan make a hit for himself. I offered a limited amount of sage advice as to how to get the car ready, but was hooted out of the shop, entirely unabashed. At this moment I ran into the genial Montgomery, who offered to take me out in his Pullman. This he did, and I assured him that there would be no difficulty about getting in. There wasn't—we paid. The doorkeeper refused to have ever heard of the "Graphic." He called it "Graphite," and made subsidiary remarks, and one paltry pun in which I was referred to as a "grafter." Two girls and a callow youth behind me tittered loudly, and I retired to the ticket window, covered with confusion. A delicately delightful situation for a poor scribe, to whom, though you may not believe it, fifty cents represents an amount of money not to be lightly thrown into the greedy maw of amusement promoters.

Once inside and away from the sarcastic gaze of the facetious doorkeeper, I felt better and more able to enjoy the races. The main event was, of course, the fifty-mile Derby, but there were three preliminaries, which, however, were all walkovers, and therefore of little interest. A Ford romped away in the first race, and two Tourists did the same thing in the next two races. I was very much struck with Bill Ruess's method of starting. This idea of his originated in Sacramento a year ago, where he was attending a race meet on the way East. They were having more than a little trouble to get the racers started evenly, until Bill was called in. He told them that he had a

scheme whereby the starts could all be made without a hitch. And he proved his assertion. Bill starts along with the entries at about the three-quarter mile mark, in a runabout. He carried a flag in his hand, and watches the machines closely, talking to the drivers as they get ahead or behind. When the starting line is reached Bill drops the flag and yells "Go!" Bill had only five events to start in the two days, but two of the races brought out large fields, yet there was not a single start that was not practically perfection.

There was plenty of speculation before the big race started as to the probable winner, and strangely enough, hardly anybody conceded much chance to the Franklin. Dan was wise, however. He said, "The Franklin is about the only machine I'm afraid of," and he had reason to be afraid. Jimmie Speed was there with the Haynes, to which he had fitted one of his carbureters. He wore a rather wan smile, but brightened when I told him I would pull half for him and half for Dan. Then Bill Batchelder came up and gave Dan his directions, and I want to say right here in defense of Dan's driving that he not only drove an admirable race last Saturday, but that he followed instructions to the letter, and took his cue from the station at every turn. I was very greatly impressed with his work, and realized more than ever his possibilities as a racing driver. Bill told him to look out for the turns and save his tires. This was the way he figured: "The Stearns is a heavy machine, and the skid wear on the tires is tremendous. If the tires are to last through the race, the corners must be taken carefully. He was right.

There was a general confab before the race as to whether hoods should be taken off or not, and it was left optional, apparently, for some carried hoods and some did not. Then Bill haled them to the start, they drew for places, and Dan got in the front row next to Ralph, who had the pole. I stood at the starting point to see them off, and then walked down to the Continental tire station. For twenty laps or so Dan held his own, a trifle behind Ralph, who was sailing along as though out on a pleasure jaunt. Behind Dan came Lester Pattee in a Cadillac, chugging along in the most surprisingly consistent manner. For the size and power of the car the Cadillac made almost as clever a showing as the Franklin. After the thirtieth lap Bill gave the high sign for more speed, for the Stearns was getting dangerously behind. Dan responded nobly, and took the corners much faster, but, do what he might, he could not gain an inch. Then we recognized that something was wrong. The engine hummed readily enough, but there was a quaint undertone of complaint in the song of it that told us that there were inward pains or lack of nourishment. The best that Dan could do was to take a not very close second place, and he drove up to the station looking rather disconsolate. He cheered up when Bill Batchelder told him that he had driven a great race, and followed instructions explicitly, which indeed was true; and we all drove down town figuring in our minds how to

win the race the next day.

That night Walter Hempel, may angels guard his steps, rang me up and apologized for the oversight in not sending any passes to the "Graphic," and said that he would leave some for me downtown. He did, and for this kindly courtesy that doorkeeper is forgiven, and I refrain from jingling horribly about him. I found Dan hard at work on Sunday morning. He and an able corps of assistants had located the trouble. The engine, being quite new, had not found herself generally, and the valves were leaking a trifle, more than sufficient to account for the lack of power at the end of the race. More suggestions from me were met with horrid hoots and loud jeers. I was told that my business was to go out to the track and pull for the Stearns, and not to try to be funny. So I went over to the Continental place, and we hurried out in the big Mercedes. A sergeant of police was standing waiting for a car on Main street, and we stopped to give him a lift. Thus reinforced we sailed past the gatekeeper, who did not even get my pass. I confess that I turned and leered evilly at him.

There were signs of a big crowd already, and the different entries for the hundred mile race were surrounded by a crowd of buzzing motor bugs. The Haynes agency had another car, and the Stoddard-Dayton, which had twisted something the day before was all fixed up, even to the calm smile of confidence on the face of that wily old veteran Frank Seifert. Bill Moreland was trying out one Tourist on the Track, while George Kussman was prinking a big roadster with a hood that looked as though it covered the powers of ten volcanic eruptions. Mr. Stone, who was sick the day before, was trying out that good, consistent little York Pullman, and the little Ford was buzzing around as though hundred-mile races were a daily occurrence. This time Bill gave different instructions. There was no chance of the tires lasting all through the race, so Dan must go to it and get a good lead. Just how well he did is a matter of record now.

Back at the Continental station there was a scene of goodly activity. The demountable rims were ranged along the fence, with the jacks and oil close by. Each man had his appointed place when a tire had to be changed, and some of them were using the time before the start in getting spare tubes ready for the rims that would come off the car. We took little interest in the preliminary speed trial, not having a stop watch, and being too far from the judges to hear the time. Somebody wanted to bet me a cigar that the Franklin had taken the best record, but just as I was accepting, a small boy approached and announced that the Stoddard-Dayton had won, so I was defrauded out of a two-fer.

Then the race started. Ralph sprang out around the first turn, with Dan close behind him, while the Stoddard-Dayton and the Tourist led the rest of the field by a good margin. When the Stearns came round to the north turn we watched Dan closely, and a shout of delighted amazement went up when we saw the way he took that car around. It was amazing; he kept his foot jammed on the accelerator, and swung that great mass of metal around the curve as neatly and cleanly as though he were going at twenty miles an hour. There was a sick-

ening skid at the end of the turn, but the back wheels gripped well, and we knew that if Dan kept that pace and the tires held, he had the race. It was only a few laps before he was close at the heels of the Franklin, and then we saw them coming around the south turn, neck and neck. In the straight away the gray bonnet of the Stearns poked itself ahead of the black barrel of the Franklin, and we cheered again as Dan came flashing around our turn in the lead.

Then Franz Seifert began to be very busy. His car was eating up the distance as a small boy devours pie, and very soon he had passed Dan. But this burst of speed did not last. Dan commenced to gain on him, meanwhile leaving the Franklin farther and farther behind. I think it was the nineteenth lap when Dan did his sensational piece of work. On the south-bound straightaway he was close to the Stoddard-Dayton, but could not quite nose past her. Seifert shut down a trifle on the turn, as he was taking it rather close. Dan gave her the throttle, and, swinging well clear, shot by Seifert on the turn, and dashed into the straight more than a length ahead. Meanwhile the Cadillac was puffing along merrily and steadily, and the little old Pullman was doing likewise at a slightly slower pace. Ralph Hamlin was going well within himself, and Dan was forging ahead at such a terrific pace that he soon had the field lapped. Then George Kussman provided interest for about a dozen

laps. He froze onto Ralph's off hind wheel and refused to be displaced. Nor could he pass. At each turn he did his level best to shoot ahead, but Ralph maintained his position, and the Tourist could do nothing but freeze on. Coming round our turn one time I thought it was all off. The Tourist swerved ever so slightly inwards, and it seemed certain that the hubs must clash. But George had his head with him, and saved just in time, but not soon enough to stay the cold shivers that went down my back and the instant feeling of nausea that follows on such a shock.

"The Stoddard-Dayton's out!" shouted somebody, and I saw that Frank had pulled up at his station for tires. That was encouraging, but Dan was showing signs of distress. His front tire was deeply rimmed with black stripes, and there was a suspicion

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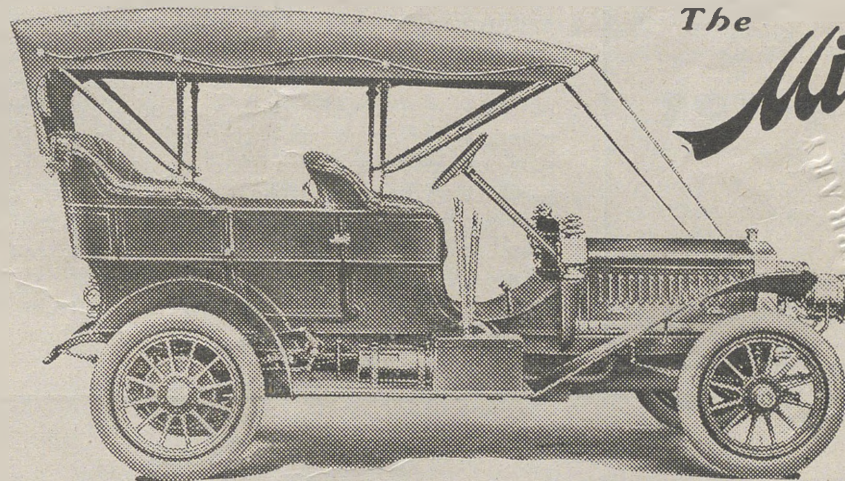
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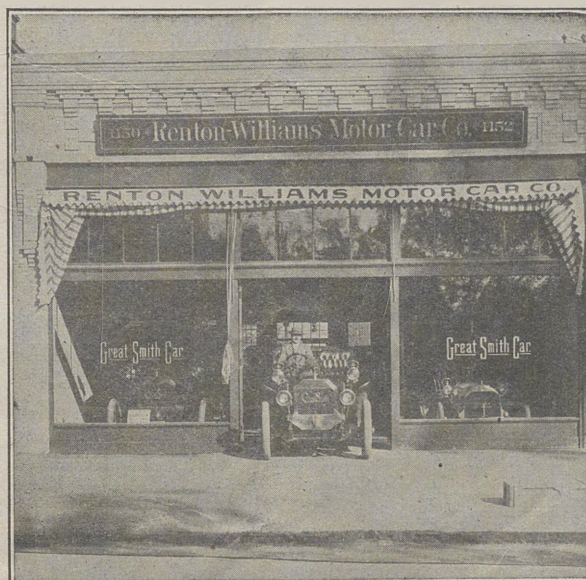
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of fuzz on the back wheel on the same side; at the twenty-eighth lap he held up his finger in sign that he would stop the next round. He did, and three precious minutes and more were lost in replacing the two tires. Although that was wonderfully quick work, this enabled the Franklin to make up the lap it had lost, and gain nearly two more besides. But Danny started off and gained very rapidly. All would have been well if the tires had held, but the strain was too great, and twice more the tires were changed. When Ralph had covered ninety-four laps Dan started with two new tires, on his eighty-seventh round. Ralph had stopped once for tires, but now, at the end of the

race, his tires were almost as fresh as new, and we saw there was no chance of Dan making up the seven laps he was behind. Ralph was taking it so easily that Dan did make up nearly two laps before the Franklin finished the last lap.

Dan was streaming along so as to make sure of second place, when the horrible thing happened. He was turning the curve at the north end when suddenly there was a cloud of dust, and across the top of it a red streak as the seat showed for an instant ere the car turned completely over and toppled on its side. There was a general stampede in that direction, but I waited and took the word from George Kussman on his next round. He shouted that nobody was badly hurt, but I thought he was wrong when I saw the limp form of Dan lifted out of the runabout that carried him to the station. We piled him into the big Stearns and started off for the California Hospital. He was sewed up very conscientiously by the doctor, and we left him apparently much upset that he was not allowed to get up.

It was a very regrettable ending to as fine a two-days' racing as one could wish to see. The brunt, as I have said, falls on Mr. Batchelder, and we can only hope that the fine showing made by his car has advertised it so that many sales will follow.

All makes of cars entered in the races showed well in one way or another. The Franklin, of course, made the best of all both in speed and endurance. The Cadillac upheld its makers' boast of steady speed and endurance. The Stoddard-Dayton showed wonderful speed and lacked only tires that will not wear out on a track. The little Pullman pleased itself and everybody else by chugging away consistently without a single stop or miss; with a trifle higher gear it might well have won the race. The Tourist was there with bells as well as George Kussman, and "hard luck" is no misnomer, for what followed the Haynes. Take it all around, the meeting was a grand success, and I hope it will not be long before we have another one.

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Financial

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc.	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange	4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,496,163.29
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities	500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

The standard oils continue the most attractive securities among local investors, with good real estate again a considerable favorite among those controlling idle funds in large sums. The cheap mining issues have been hard hit recently, but are absorbed as fast as offered—an evidence of their real strength beneath the surface.

All attempts to force life into the Home Telephone issues have failed, in spite of the raw washing of Los Angeles Home Preferred recently. With manipulation ended, the price of the stock has fallen back to considerably under \$50, and at that pegging it pays in excess of ten per cent on the investment—ostensibly. How long this payment will continue depends, first, upon the municipal public utilities commission, not yet named, and later upon the action to be taken by the city council, when a report favoring an increase in Home Telephone rates shall have been filed.

The market action of Union Oil and its affiliated corporations, as well as that of

the Edison issues, proves how easy it is for the good Presbyterian directors in both companies to run the price of the securities named either up or down. When stock is to be sold by insiders needing a little spending money, up goes the price. When it is to be bought back, down goes the market to the demnition bow-wows, a beautifully simple game, as old as the hills.

Bank stocks continue weak. Bonds are stronger. Money is easier, with the rates unchanged. Interest funds, payable June 30, should turn loose about half a million dollars cash for collateral, or similar investments about that time.

The Merchants and Miners Bank and the Bank of Rawhide (Nev.), have merged, the capital stock being \$50,000. S. W. Collins is president, and Volney B. Leonard is cashier.

Tempe, Ariz., has voted \$50,000 in bonds for school purposes.

Riverside has voted \$40,000 school bonds.

In the Literary World

The Messrs. Putnam have published an English version of a much talked-of Italian defense of the modernism which is peremptorily condemned by Pope Pius X, in his recent encyclical. The translation is by the Rev. Father George Tyrrell, and prefixed to it is an introduction by A. Leslie Lilley, vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington Green, London. Although written for Roman Catholics by Roman Catholics, this exposition of modernism is of importance to every Christian body without distinction, for all such bodies are pressed upon in some measure by those problems which have now become acute in the Roman Catholic Church—prob-

lems whose roots are found in an age prior to the Protestant Reformation, prior even to the schism of East and West, and whose fibers run up through all the diverging branches into which Christendom has been divided. That is to say, the author of the Italian essay here reproduced contends that there is nothing new in the thing which the name is intended to connote. The name merely indicates the latest form of a phenomenon observable in all epochs of the development of the Christian religion, the attempt, namely, to accommodate the Christian orthodoxy of the moment with the dominant ideas of a given time. The purpose of this book is in short to show that at every crisis through which Christianity has passed in the course of its development—whenever the opposition between fast and unyielding types of religious expression, and a new culture to which they are unsuited has become acute—there has arisen in the Church a handful of men animated with the design of reconciling the old piety, unchangeable in its simplicity, as a spiritual fact, with the new modes of thought.

The second volume of the biography of John Thaddeus Delane, editor of the London "Times," by his nephew, Arthur Irwin Dasent (Scribner's), begins a little before the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, and carries us to the subject's death in 1879. Before taking up the political thread of the narrative, Mr. Dasent pauses for a moment to discuss Delane's relation to London society. The editor felt it, we are told, to be a part of his duty to consort with the inner circles of Cabinets and to mix in the great world. His independent spirit and inherent common sense insured his escaping the enervating influences of flattery and intrigue, and the author of this work believes it to have been the universal verdict of the statesmen with whom he was associated and of the brilliant crowds in which he so often appeared that no man was so little spoiled by society as John Delane. Although his social activity, as is shown by his diary (especially in the period from 1860 to 1875) was prodigious, he allowed no mundane pleasures to prevent his going every night to his room at the "Times" office at half past 10 or 11 and staying there till 4 or even 5 in the morning. As M. de Blowitz, his Paris correspondent, put it: "He gave his entire life to his silent work by night, subordinating to it everything save independence, and having for his only recompense the one single ambition to be true." The biographer says that he was the least given to gossip of any man similarly situated. "No one could say that Delane had ever been tempted by vanity to reveal any of the secrets confided to his keeping when his opinion was asked on matters of the most delicate nature." Although, too, his social status as the undisputed head of his profession could not fail to arouse many jealousies, the biographer testifies that he hardly ever made an enemy, nor, so far as is known, did he ever lose a friend. When he died, not a single voice was raised in disparagement of his conscientiousness, his justness or his honor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Frederick R. Miner of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11285, made March 2, 1907, for the E. 1/2 of the N.W. 1/4 and the N.E. 1/4 of the S.W. 1/4 Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on July 1, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. R. Shaw of Norwalk, Cal.; Geo. A. Cortelyou, of Los Angeles, Cal.; W. D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; A. C. Connar, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 30—5t. Date of first publication May 30-'08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, California, April 16, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Gillon, of Santa Monica, California, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11025, made March 1, 1906, for the S.E. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, California, on June 11th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. W. F. Diss, David D. Partin, John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.; G. G. Bundy, John U. Henry, Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 9-5t. Date of first publication May 9-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 16-08.

Notice is hereby given that James R. Shaw, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11097, made April 30, 1906, for the Lot 1, Sec. 34, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 35, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on June 19, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Stephen Strong, Ray Strong, Norwalk, Cal.; F. R. Miner, Santa Monica, Cal.; S. A. Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 9-5t Date of first publication May 9-08.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

May 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on February 1, 1907, made homestead entry No. 11250, for the E. 1/2 S.W. 1/4, S.E. 1/4 N.W. 1/4 and S.W. 1/4 N.E. 1/4 Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., on the 17th day of July, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. A. Mellus, 214 S. Bay, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Frederick R. Miner, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Joe Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.; A. W. McGahan, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 30—5t. Date of first publication, May 30-'08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 31, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Richard P. Hanson, of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the S.E. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, of Section No. 13, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 20 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 9th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Thomas J. Moffett and Perry W. Cottler of Sherman, Cal.; Marion Decker and Ernest Decker of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Apl.4-10t—Date of first publication Apl.4-08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 19, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory, as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Charles E. Gillon, of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the lot No. 4 of Section 33, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 18 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Wednesday, the 10th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: J. W. F. Diss, John Schumacher, D. D. Partin, of Santa Monica, Cal.; A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Apl. 4 9t. Date of first publication Apl 4, '08.

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